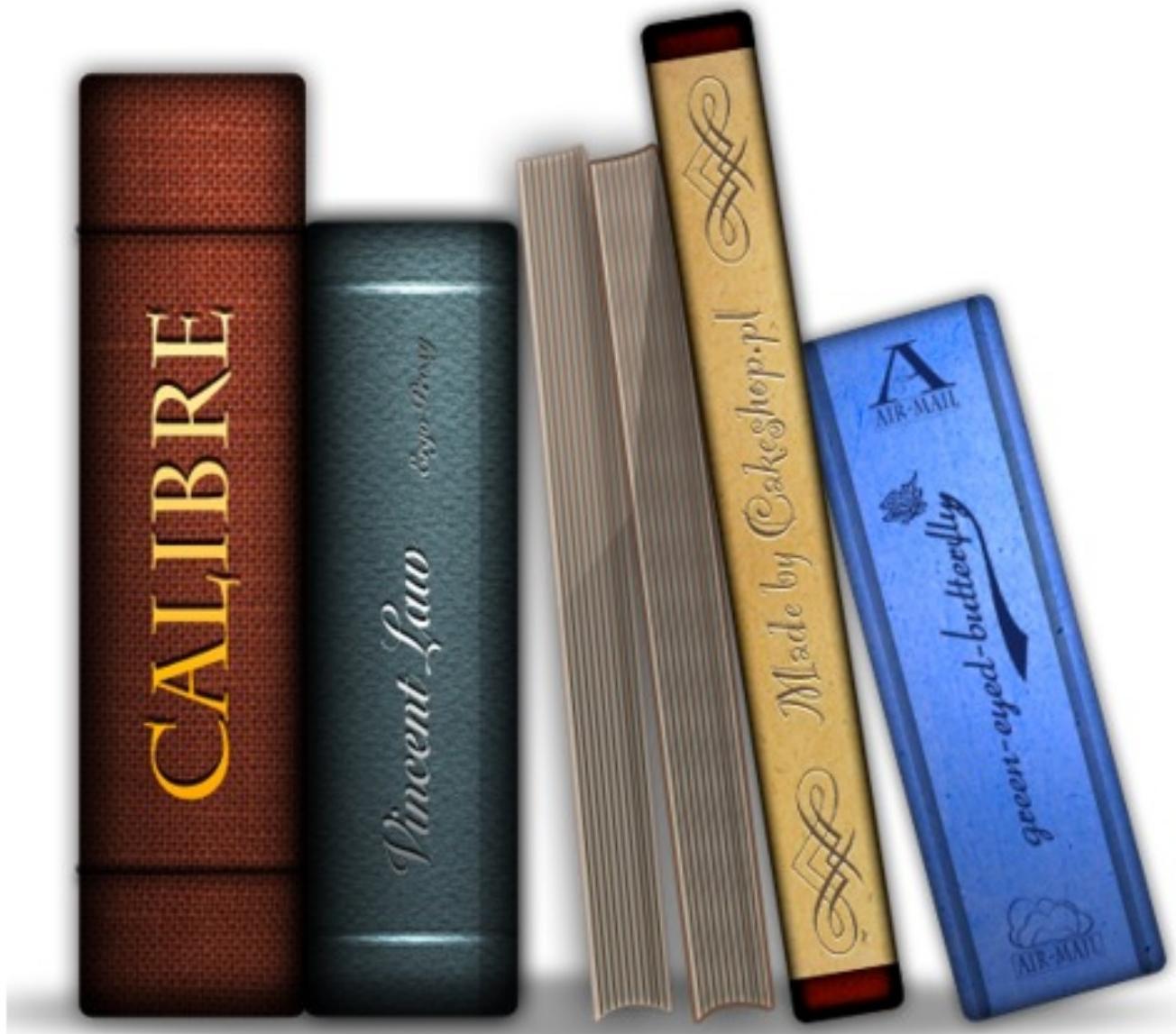


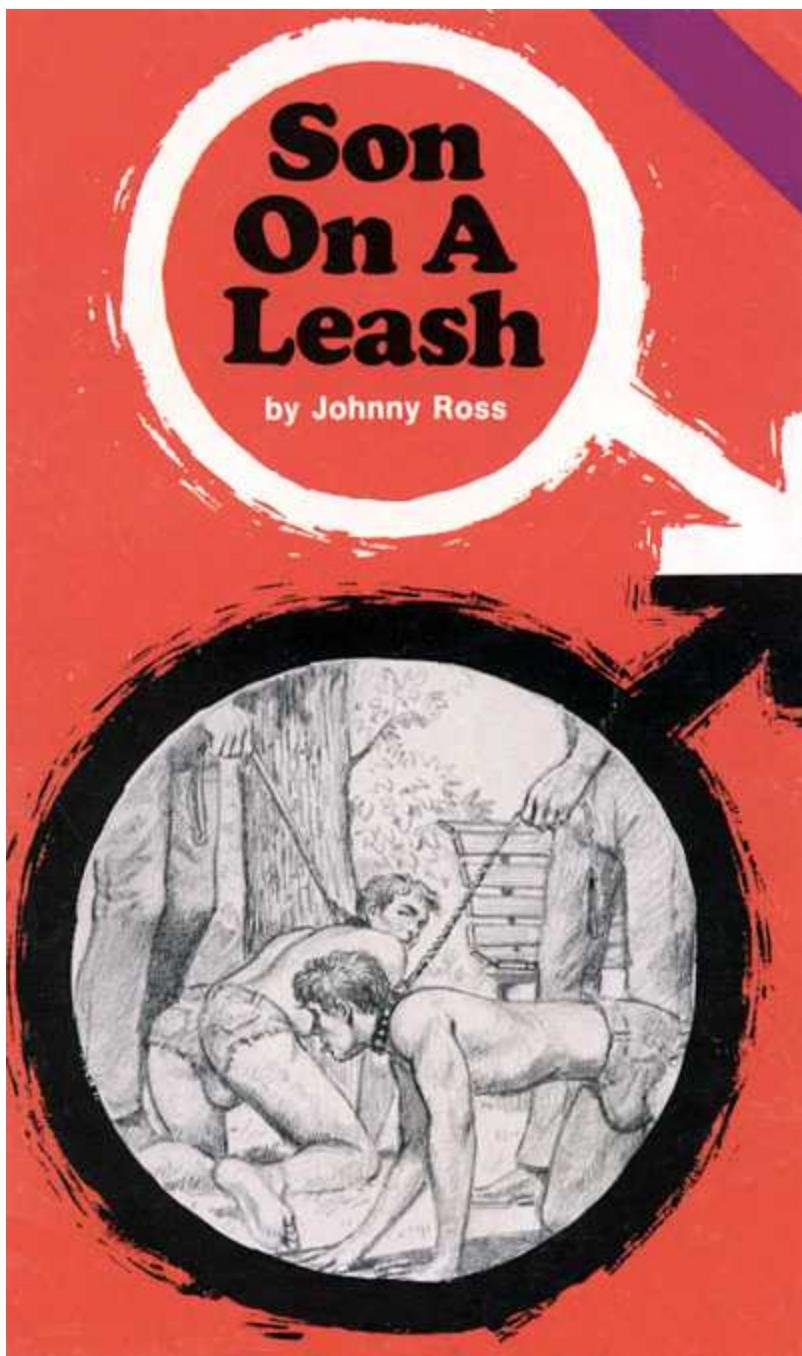
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**ac-348 son on a leash (johnny
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AC-348 SON ON A LEASH by Johnny Ross

FOREWORD

Growing up is never easy, especially for a teen who has no father.

Fatherless teens are always lost.

Keeping that in mind, Hank Davis searches for the son he never knew, the son who had been born in that shattered republic of Vietnam, so long ago.

SON ON A LEASH is the story of how Hank looks for and finally finds his son, helped along the way by Richie, a teen who has come to love Hank, almost as if the man were his father, too.

They find Hank's son living a wild life of pain and pleasure in a club down on the Gulf, and it is a shocking realization to Hank that his son, even without a father for a model, has grown up just like him.

SON ON A LEASH chronicles a journey of self-discovery as well as the discovery of relationships. It is a shocking sojourn through the inner landscape of the mind as well as one through the pleasures of the flesh.

It will shock some, please others, but it will not leave any reader untouched.

The Publisher

CHAPTER ONE

Hank Davis opened the envelope and sat on the front steps of his porch.

He was a hefty guy, all muscle, trim from his combat days in Vietnam. He was like a Nordic God, and didn't mind when men looked at him with desire in their eyes. His tastes ran to young men who could be trained as slaves. The envelope contained a short letter and photograph. The letter was from a source that was trying to trace the American fathers of Vietnamese teens. He thought he'd located Hank's son. The picture was of the teen. His name was Vong, and the man had fathered him just as the mad scramble to get out of the country was going on. He'd been drunk and slept with a woman. He hardly remembered the fucking.

It was a fuzzy picture, with a background of bright beach. The teen was looking off to the side, clad in shorts low around his waist. He had that exotic beauty of Amerasians, the best of East and West, almost skinny, but softly curved. Hunk felt his balls stirring involuntarily as he imagined the teen against him, naked and aroused.

"Your paper, mister!" came a voice from the sidewalk.

Hank looked up and saw the teen. He stood to take the paper from the teen's outstretched hand. Their fingertips touched and their eyes met.

The teen was a sweetheart, thick brown hair and wide eager eyes. He had on a damp t-shirt, shorts and sneakers without any socks.

"Thanks, Richie," Hank said.

"Sure thing, Mr. Davis," said the teen in a high but husky voice.

There was an awkward silence. "I'd better finish up my route," the teen finally said, turning his bike. "See ya tomorrow."

Hank watched the teen's lean, bare legs pedal the bike down the street.

When Richie got home he went straight to his room. He kicked off his sneakers and pulled off his t-shirt. Then he stretched back over his bed.

The teen yanked down his shorts. The teen kicked them off his toes and lay back naked as a newborn weasel. His prick flipped up and slapped tight to his stomach.

The teen sighed and rubbed his stomach. He had more than a day's worth of piss held there, aching in him, making him feel good. It rounded out his normally skinny stomach some. He'd drunk a load of sodas, too, even stayed leaning over the drinking fountain in the locker room for a long time, gulping down water while his ass was pushed out for anyone to look over, if they cared to. His were mighty nice buns too, about the size of a couple large fists, and ripe for the right touch. Nobody laid a finger on him though, which disappointed the lanky teen.

Richie wiggled his buns sensuously around over the sheets and felt his piss-load ache real nice. He hitched up on his bony elbows, looking down on himself, then let a trickle of pee dribble out the head of his bullet-head prick. Droplets of yellow dotted his tight belly and he cut off the flow. He winced with the burning pain. His thumb-sized pisser was deep red around the head, slick with piss.

The teen leaned on one elbow and reached down to the warm yellow puddles.

He rubbed his fingers around into his pubes and stomach, rubbing his piss into his ivory-smooth skin, sighing with pleasure as he pressed against his full belly. It made him feel real dirty and sexy, peeing on himself real slow and painful, rubbing himself all over.

When the stuff dried out to a thick film, Richie eased up and leaked out another few spitting drops of piss. It burned all the way from his belly to the tip of his piss lips as he forced down to stop the flow. An amber droplet quivered at the tip of his cock. Spit gushed over Richie's tongue as he watched the piss drop hanging there at the nose of his prick.

He spread the piss up over his hard tits. They erected to sharp points as they took on a sheen of smelly moisture. He pissed out more and spread it under his armpits, feeling how warm and filthy-wet it got him. He began to breathe in deeply, smelling his bittersweet piss cook.

The naked teen worked out his piss in sweet spoonfuls for over and hour, delighting in rubbing his yellow belly water all over himself, beginning to stink like a rutting dog. His cock burned better and better all the time, turning purple with pleasure. The teen never touched his prick.

Then Richie became aware of a new feeling, something about as good as trickling out his pee. It was an itching up his ass. Every time he let his bladder relax, he felt a nice tingle deep up, his ass.

I bet there's something I could do to make that feel better, thought Richie.

He threw his lean legs over his head and ran his pissy hands down over his buns. He took his right hand and held it under his cock, letting it fill with dribbles of piss like it was under a leaking spigot. Without spilling a drop, he slapped the palm-load of pee over his ass, feeling the warm liquid bathe his buns.

The teen put a damp finger right to his sensitive asshole. Another gush of spit filled his cheeks. A sexy feeling, he discovered. He ran his fingers around the rubbery lips of his virgin asshole, feeling hot tingles ripple through him. Richie worked a finger right up into his asshole, delighting in the pure sensual lust as only a teen can, eagerly discovering how to awaken his own budding sexuality.

Balled up in a neat ball, the naked teen writhed erotically around on the bed, filmed with piss and sweat, probing deeper up his tail. Richie poked another finger up his ass and explored within himself with more and more urgency. It was so damn squishy and warm and tight and alive up inside his young ass!

An idea struck the teen. He dropped his legs and padded into his parents'

bedroom. He opened the top drawer of his mother's dresser and rummaged among her bras and panties. He found what he was looking for. His belly still burning with piss and his cock rigid to his pubes, the teen took his mom's vibrator and returned to his room.

Richie threw his legs over his head again and nosed the rounded tip of the tool up his ass dimple. A specially nice rush of pleasure spread over the teen as he felt his ass lips nudged wide and penetrated down through his shit channel. He felt the blush of pain flower out from his asshole and engulf him in quivering thrills. His toes clenched and spread as he kicked his legs over his head. His lips pulled back into a leering sneer, his white teeth bared like those of a cat.

He involuntarily spurted out some piss at the wonderful sensations. That felt good, too, fucking the tool up his ass and pissing all over himself, stark naked and stiff as a nail.

The teen worked more of the vibrator up his guts. It was about a foot long and thick as a banana. It massaged over his ass walls and spread his ass real painful. He liked it. He felt special jolts of delight with the smooth metal up his ass-guts. There was a particular, warm and itchy spot up his ass. He shoved more of the thing up his ass.

Richie's dark eyes were sparkling with tears by the time he had fucked the vibrator all the way through his fuck-hole. He balled up tight on the bed and twirled the thing around in his guts, feeling it probe deep in his piss-full belly. His cock was stinging hot and stiffer than ever as he played around inside his ass.

Letting the tool stuff his guts, Richie went back to diddling around with his nipples. They were erected into points on his ribbed chest, and he twisted them around until they were crimson and smarting. He found that his asshole grabbed at the base of the vibrator as he stung the sharp pain into himself, and that felt good, too.

He only wished there were another guy there, a big-pricked guy, to work him over. Maybe some guy to spank his buns till they smarted beet red. Or

maybe piss on him. Maybe a guy would even fuck his big cock right up Richie's ass and take care of that wonderful itch deep in his guts!

The teen had often thought, of such a thing, and his mind buzzed again with the idea. Sure, maybe he could get a stud from school, one of the older guys, to whip him around, then offer the guy his ass for the guy to fuck. Just maybe, if he tried hard enough, he could find a guy who'd be willing to fuck him, and fuck him hard. Maybe the other guy wouldn't mind huffing him, too, watching him take some pain.

Floating on the dreams of sex, Richie curled up and raised his groin right over his head. He burned a line of brine out and sprayed his face, warm and salty. The teen opened his cute mouth wide. God, he loved tasting his own filth, guzzling down his piss water. He kept a slow, painful stream dripping over him, sprinkling his cheeks with his pee, running his stinking hands through his hair.

The handle of the vibrator moved around between his clenching buns as he pissed on himself. The thin looked like a rounded sword sunk through the pulsing ring of his ass. He filled his mouth with pee water and gargled on it till it ran down his cheeks and out his flared nostrils. He giggled and reached up around his legs to play with his ass again.

His wet fingers touched the button on the handle and pressed. His ass came alive, buzzing like a nest of snakes. His knees jerked down to hug his skull and his toes dug into his wrinkly soles. His eyes flew wide and his piss cut loose.

A day's worth of pee flooded over him, and he gulped up as much as he could. He felt the vibrator buzz his asshole, throbbing in special places deep in his pulsing guts. His prick jerked and spewed out pies in jerking spurts. Richie began to push, pull and stir the singing tool around up his stomach.

Then new sensations rippled through the young teen. His balls were twitching and burning, bursting with a feeling he'd never experienced.

Richie kept one hand pumping the tool up his ass and grabbed his tight ballsac with the other.

Without thinking, he squeezed his balls tight! Yes, that was it, mash his balls. That was what he needed, to crush his tender balls till the pain overwhelmed him. Minutes passed, and the skinny teen lay there, balled up on the bed, trickling piss over his cute face, a long, fat vibrator stirring around deep up his ass, mashing his balls to jelly.

Richie felt an explosion building, something new and wonderful. The pain from cracking his balls translated to a ball of pleasure swelling hot in his guts. He was hitting his prostate with the jarring vibrator and his knuckles were turning white around his ballsac.

His pisser went into jerks of its own, the cockhead ripe and rosy. Jets of rich, slimy cream spit from between the gaping cumhole, showering his face. Richie squeezed his balls tight, and another burst of pleasure spurted out his cock. Over and over Richie cracked his balls, letting the pissy cum rain over him.

The teen was a writhing ball of lust, working himself into his first real ball-busting orgasm. He let the jism lace his face, extending his tongue to taste it along with his pee.

The teen wanted more! He ground his balls harder in his fist as his spunk drained. He fucked the vibrator up his ass like crazy. But he couldn't fuck more juice from his balls for the time being.

Letting his bladder drain dry, the teen flopped back on the bed, his stomach rising and falling in pants of pure pleasure. The teen's cummy eyelashes fluttered closed and his lusty mouth went lax.

When Richie woke up a couple hours later, he felt renewed energy coursing through his belly. He stank of piss, and breathed in deeply till his ribs showed through the pale skin of his chest.

The teen reached between his legs and pulled the vibrator from his ass. A wonderful sucking sensation rippled through his ass as he drew the tool through his rosy ass-pucker. He raised the instrument over his face and looked at it. It was smeared with brown slime and glistening with his ass

juices. Richie lowered the tip to his lips. He ran his tongue over it, tasting his own asshole.

It was mighty tasty. Musky and filthy beyond his wildest dreams, his own shit-hole held flavors he suddenly craved! He licked at the tool slowly.

Then Richie pushed the blunt end through his lips, running his tongue around, moaning and working his ass around on the bed. His lips ovaled wide and thin as he licked the thick tool with his wormy tongue.

He pushed deeper, finding that he enjoyed having the shitty thing fill his mouth. He nudged at the hole at the back of his throat. A gag shook him, then he controlled it. A thrilling quiver shook him as he figured he could just take the thing down his throat, the very tool that he had fucked up his shitter!

The teen relaxed and threw his head way back, stretching out his thin throat. He had seen sword swallowers at the fair, and he figured he could do the same thing he could do the same thing with the vibrator. He worked it past his throat, then eased the slick tube down through his neck. His prick jerked and lubed over his pubes as he fucked his face to the hilt on the dildo. He flicked it on.

Vibrations warmed him from his lips to the pit of his belly! A tingling passion flowered out to his fingertips as he spun the thing around in his neck. Richie thought how much nicer it would be if it was a real man's cock shoved through his face, one that could fuck on its own, piss in him, fire off a thick cum-load down his belly.

The teen arched up on the bed. He bridged till he was on his feet and the crown of his head, sprung tight, every sinew showing through his thin skin. His buns clenched like fleshy fists. His lean cock tapped urgently against his pubes, dripping with lube. His stretched stomach was dotted with his slime. Sweat glistened over the teen as his lungs burned, his air cut off by the tool run through his neck.

Richie was fuzzy-headed and horny. The teen ran his hands over his pissy belly and chest, pinching and twisting at his nipples roughly.

The room began to spin. The teen felt better and better as he suffocated when the sword run down his throat. A heat enveloped his groin and spread but over him in lusty waves. His eyelids fluttered and his nostrils flared wide as he almost passed out.

Then he came! Bridging so high that his head almost touched his heels, he sprang rigid, his throat contracting in spasms around the shitty vibrator. And his prick sent off his second young load of passion. He felt his balls explode and the spunk juice plopping all over him. It ran down over his ribs and trickled into his armpits. Over and over, he felt his pisser pulse out cum, and felt the warm streams flow down over him.

Richie was happy beyond words, red-brained with lust! He was also ready for a real man to use him special.

He thought of Hank Davis. That man must have a good-sized fucker, he thought.

CHAPTER TWO

Next day, Richie was delivering newspapers on his afternoon route. The teen was feeling mighty squirmy with the seat of his bike rubbing hard into his crotch, down the crease of his shorts and into his asscrack. His prick was like an iron prong stuck out the front of his cut-off jeans, and his t-shirt stuck to him with sweat.

Richie pulled up in front of the next house. It was Hank's house. He spread his feet and just looked at the man trimming his hedge. Hank was a hunk. The teen watched the man working the big shears, his shirt off and thrown carelessly over the porch steps. Richie's mouth dropped open as he gazed at the muscles of the man bulging as he pumped the blades, snipping off the thick vegetation. His back was wide and bunched-up with muscles over his shoulders. A glaze of sweat made the man's skin gleam like Richie had seen in wrestling magazines. The teen would sometimes stand there at the supermarket and leaf through those magazines, his cock pulsing and stiff, just wishing one of those sweaty brutes would wrestle him -- and fuck him!

"Hi, dreamer," Richie heard the man say. The teen jumped. Shit, he'd been off to fantasy land and the man was looking right at him! "Oh, hi. I was just kinda thinking."

Hank sauntered to the porch and sat down with a sigh. "Glad you came by, Richie. Needed a break. You going to give me my paper or stand there with your mouth open all day?"

"Oh, uh, sorry, Mr. Davis." The teen got off the bike and walked up to the man, newspaper in hand. Richie felt suddenly like a victim approaching a sacrificial alter, like he was worshipping some pagan God.

He tingled all over.

"Thanks, Richie," said the man, taking the paper, "and call me Hank, huh?" The man sensed something strongly appealing and submissive in the teen.

He'd had his eye on the teen for several weeks, wishing he could get his hands into the teen's pants. Richie here was prime.

"You sure are built, Hank," Richie blurted.

Hank chuckled. "Come on and sit a minute, Richie. You look a sweaty. You want a soda?"

The man went in and got a beer and soda, then sat next to the teen on the porch. They were both quiet, guzzling up their cool drinks. A powerful bond was developing between the man and the teen, something they both felt, almost smelled in the warm air about them.

Richie put down his soda, his wet lips parted, and looked at the man.

"Can I feel your biceps, Hank?"

"Sure, Richie, go ahead," said Hank. He bunched up his fist and raised his arm in front of the teen's cute face. "I built these up in the Marines when I served over in Nam. I keep in shape with a workout in my basement every day."

The teen's touch was electric for both of them. His fingers played teasingly over the bulging flesh of the man's arm. It was an erotic touch, and they both knew it. They just let it happen, knowing and hoping like hell it would lead to action.

Richie paused, wanting to let the man know he could use him if he wanted to. The teen's voice was almost a husky whisper his big dark eyes looking down. "I can take punishment without a whimper, too, Hank. I kind of like playing around rough, you know? With a man like you, I mean. I'd like you to see what kind of pain I can take, Hank. Please."

Hank knew, all right. Shit, he'd seen scrawny teens like Richie, without a hair on them, take more hurting and whipping than a man could stand, and just spurt off fuck-cream till they reeked of it. Seemed teens like Richie had pricks that were stiff and cocked for firing twenty-four hours a day, and all

they needed was the spark of pain or a slam-bang fucking to bring them off over and over again. The man was getting hard.

"Tell you what, Richie," said the man, putting his arm around the teen's bony shoulders, "you finish up your route and come back here. I'll show you the gym I've got set up in the basement, OK?"

"Sure thing, Hank! Thanks!" Richie was thrilled. The arm on his shoulders was strong and dominating, and the teen felt himself surrender all the way down to his toes, wriggling around in his sweaty sneakers.

When Richie showed up again, he was ready to show the man that he could be used in any way. The teen was sweaty and hot as Hank showed him down into his basement, his big hand at the back of the teen's thin neck.

"Wow, you got a lot of equipment here, Hank," said the teen. His voice was high and smooth, bouncing around in the room.

Hank sat on the bench and watched the teen admire his stuff. "You move like a flowing oil, Richie, mighty graceful for such a teen. You ought to be in gymnastics. You look mighty supple and strong."

The teen blushed and turned away from the guy. He was still just a unsure about showing the man his cock sticking out through his faded cut-off's.

That move gave Hank the chance to view Richie's ass. Teen, was it a honey, the buns jutting out real cute against the thin denim of his raggedy cut-offs. "Take your shoes off, would ya? I don't like the mats getting scuffed up."

Richie went clown on his ass facing Hank right between the man's thick legs. He drew off his sneakers, then pulled each long, damp sock down off his feet. Richie's legs were long, lean and smooth. One knee had a scab on it. Hank got a whiff of the teen's feet as he stripped off his socks.

There was a fragrant dampness between his wiggling toes that thrilled the man.

The teen looked at the man's hairy legs in front of his face.

"Let's see what your chest looks like, Richie," said Hank. He reached for the bottom of the teen's t-shirt and pulled it up. Richie raised his arms to let the man strip the shirt off him.

Hank whistled softly at the sight of the teen standing there half-naked before him. The teen's mane of hair was tousled as the shirt slipped over his head, and he stood waiting, his arms dangling loose at his sides.

"My chest's as flat as a slab of marble, Hank. You can even see my ribs through it." Richie puffed out his chest, showing the man.

Hank ran his hands over the teen. He circled Richie's nipples, then twisted at them. The teen's head went back and his eyelids drooped as the tits erected into rubbery points. The man felt a surge of manly dominance well up in him. The teen was so wonderfully smooth and sexy, a willowy teen needing some special treatment from a man.

"Let's see some push-ups, Richie," he growled.

"Yes, sir!" the teen said. He got down with his hands planted to the floor, then looked back up over his shoulder at the man. "How many, Hank?"

"You just do 'em. I'll tell you when to stop."

Richie thrilled at the gruff tone of the man's voice. He began to push off, lifting himself on his arms and dropping down till he felt his stiff prick hit the mat.

Hank looked at the teen working out. Richie's ass was tensing with each push-up. The teen's shoulder blades stood out on his skinny back. This was going to be fun.

When Hank saw the teen weaken after about ten minutes, he said, "OK, you wimp, on your ass. Let's see some sit-ups."

Richie did as he was told. He began doing sit-ups for Hank, his damp hair flying down over his forehead almost into his big eyes.

The man liked the view. The teen's sunk-in belly stretched out when Richie lay back, then wrinkled up real cute when he sat forward. He looked at the teen's toes clenching with the effort, and the teen was filmed with sweat. His baby-pale skin was soon reddish in blotches all over.

Hank watched the teen gasp and curl his feet. Ten minutes passed, then twenty, as the teen worked to please the man. Richie began to ache nice, and his prick poked all the harder through his faded jeans. Richie had to take a pee real bad, and that felt good. He could feel his shorts working down over his bony hips as he strained to do the sit-ups, feeling the man's eyes burning into him.

"Stand up, sucker!" barked the man.

Richie leaped to his feet, again standing between the man's knees. His belly was rising and falling as he panted like a puppy. He gave his lips a swipe with his tongue and sucked in his gut, proud to take pain for the handsome man. His cut-offs slipped another inch or so down his hips.

That gave the man a good view of the root of Richie's smooth cock. "Do what ya want, Hank," mumbled the sex crazed teen. "Just do whatever ya want with me. I mean it -- anything ya want, ya know. Hurt me if ya want, or fuck my ass, ya know, if ya think I can please you, go ahead. Punish me any way ya want to, if ya think it'll get ya hot." Richie's eyes were pleading with him.

Hank held Richie up with his hands around his skinny waist, his fingers touching around the willowy teen. He felt the teen quiver with surrender.

"I'm gonna get rough, Richie."

The teen just let his wobbly head nod.

Hank lowered his hands along the teen's sleek sides, stripping off the teen's ragged cut-offs down his thin legs. Richie's lean prick snapped out and up. Richie kicked the rumpled pile of denim off his toes and stood absolutely bare-ass naked and aroused before the hunky man.

Richie felt his head swimming. He felt a hot ball of passion in his ass, spreading through his guts. He went weakly sway-back, letting himself surrender to Hank's passion.

The teen went into a spontaneous orgasm. Quick licks of his prickjuice shot up his own chest. A couple cum wads arched right over his shoulder.

Richie felt so damn good, cumming off into his own face, letting himself cream with Hank right there watching every jerk of his cock.

Hank felt something snap as he saw the teen spurt off. He reached out and cupped the teen at the back of his skull, bunching up a fist of the teen's thick hair.

"Stop!" he said.

Richie trembled and strained down hard. He cut off his cum with a sweet ache that burned all through him. His prick jerked, still pumping spunk, but the teen held it in, enduring the agony of pleasure. His lips pulled back in a cute snarl as he felt his jism ball up back of his pulsing prickhead.

"Nice, slave, very nice," said Hank. "You don't cum off now till I say so." He yanked the teen's head around on his rubbery neck to emphasize his words.

"Yes, master," slurred Richie, quaking with lust.

Hank spun the teen sideways and pulled him back aver his knee, belly up.

The teen went down limp as a rag doll, bending over in a seductive curve around the man's leg.

That lovely prick was rigid as ever, lifting just off the teen's drum-tight stomach.

The man reached down, grabbed Richie's dangling feet, pulling them toward the teen's head under his own leg. The man wrapped the teen's ankles, crossed, around the teen's neck. The limber teen was contorted into a circles around Hank's thick thigh -- a vicious circle!

Then Hank went to work on the teen. He grabbed the teen's pinkish-brown nipples and went at them, yanking and pinching the delicate flesh savagely. He squeezed the erected chest-paints and pulled them out from Richie's skinny chest, stretching the teen tits painfully.

Richie felt the bliss of pain wash over his contorted body. Piss and jism burned in his belly, and his tits were searing with agony as they were clawed and pinched in Hank's strong fingers. Another orgasm ripped through the teen, and he about strangled himself on his own ankles holding in his spunk.

Hank's fevered eyes went down the teen's bowed out belly, down to his cock. The organ was almost purple at its bullet head. And bunched up beneath the clean root of it was Richie's adorable ball bag.

He ran his hand down the teen, trailing around in the puddles of lube dotting Richie's pubes. He took the teen's balls in his fingers. They were unbelievably tender, wonderfully warm. Hank grinned and mashed them.

Richie opened his mouth wide in a silent scream and his feet twitched madly in his face. The pain was better than anything he had ever felt before, penetrating up to the center of his skull.

Hank felt the teen spasm as he smashed his ballsac with brutal passion.

The rubbery balls were squeezed under his grip, and the teen burned red all over, climaxing again and again with the mind-blowing pain. Choking as his air was cut off with his gripping ankles, the teen fought like hell to hold his fuck-cream. Dribbles of his watery spunk trickled from his pulsing prick.

Hank gave the teen a final thrill, yanking his balls tight and puffing them out till they were about torn off.

"Gotta fuck!" Hank grunted. He unwrapped the teen's ankles, lifting the gasping teen up and threw him down over the bench.

Richie lay there passive, his arms and legs dangling loose. He'd heard the magic word fuck and knew he was going to get his cock up his ass. He wormed around just a bit, eager, begging.

Hank stood there, looking down at the teen seductively over the bench, his asscheeks spread just enough to expose his asshole to the man's gaze.

It was a sight to draw the cum out of any man's meaty balls, all right, pulsing and moist and tight!

Hank was willing to show the teen how a fuck really felt. He hadn't had a teen like this in a long time, and he wanted to take his time and enjoy it.

Hank stripped off his sweats and tore down his jock. The teen's head turned a bit, his cheek rubbing into his drool over the bench as he looked at the man.

Richie gasped! Hank was hung like a horse, his wrist-thick fucker gnarled with veins and powerfully erect, ten inches long, with a nest of kinky black hairs flaring around the base.

"Gonna fuck this butt rammer up your buns!" hissed the man as he fisted his rock-hard cockflesh in the teen's flushed face.

"Do it," drooled the teen. "Shove that big hose up my tail, master. Fill my itchy guts with your cock. Cream me up my belly, do it now -- please!"

Hank straddled the bench and aimed his cockknob into Richie's pinkish-white ass slit. He rubbed his prick-crown around between the teen's velvety buns, smearing them with cock snot. Hank sucked in his breath and nosed his cock into the teen's ass dimple.

Richie felt the man's prick hit and quivered. He got his hands up beside his face and strained back, lifting his ass, wanting to get fucked so bad.

Hank saw the teen's ass resist penetration. Then the thin membrane reined and spread open, taking him. His plum-sized fuckhead nudged into the teen, plowing a path for his ten inch cockshaft to follow. He planted his hands on

each of the teen's buns, more than covering the fleshy ass-globes, and he spread the teen's asscrack wide. Then he fucked in, watching and feeling his engorged fuckmeat go into the teen's ass.

"It hurts, Hank! Oh, God, more than I hoped! Fuck me faster, please, shove it all up my ass, please! Hold me down and cram it in me, master!"

"You got it, slave!" hissed the man. He got up on the balls of his feet and jerked his powerful hips forward, fucking his cock into the teen. The man's cock looked so massive punctured between those asscheeks of Richie's. And the teen was hugging so Goddamn tight, rippling his bowels around the man's cock.

Richie gasped, slick with sweat, as he felt his prostate mashed by Hank's cock. A spasm wracked through the teen, an orgasm of such delightful strength that the teen thought he was going to explode holding his spunk.

He almost bit off his tongue with all the crazy sensations buzzing through him. His pisser spread slime over his belly as his balls were mashed against the bench.

Hank grunted and rutted, watching inch after inch of his cock tunnel into Richie's stretched ass-pucker. The heat and writhing moisture of the teen's insides had him panting with pleasure.

"You're ripe for a good fuck, all right," Hank gasped. "And that's what you're going to get!"

The man dug his thumbs into the teen's ass slit and, almost ripped him open as he fucked more and more of his cock into the teen. There was only an inch or two to go.

Richie's knuckles were white, holding the bench tight and forcing himself back onto the hard cock stabbing into his guts. He felt his piss load swell painfully in his stomach as the man's cock packed his ass full.

With a brutal heave, Hank slammed his groin into the skinny teen. His cock was wedged in to the hilt.

"Best Goddamn fuck I've ever had," Hank said, slapping the teen's lean flank.

Richie blushed with the words, proud of himself. He looked back over his shoulder up to the man's sweating face. "Thanks, master," he grinned at the man fucking his ass.

"I ain't had a real cock up me before, only vibrators and candles and such."

That made it all the better for Hank, knowing the teen was virgin. It sparked his lust and got him fucking that cock of his in and out of Richie's tight ass in a frenzy of sexual energy. He liked the looks of his cock as it emerged from the teen's fucked guts -- red and slimy with the teen's ass mucus, thicker and longer than ever. There was a nice squishy sound as the teen's asshole took his punishment.

Hank ground his groin into the teen, feeling Richie's firm buns press into his hairy groin. He jack-hammered into the teen, realizing he was going to explode his own cum soon. He overcame the urge, a discipline he'd developed through years of practice.

The basement was steamy, sweat making the man and teen slide around as they writhed with sexual abandon, fucking mindlessly on and on. Their coupling was mindless, totally animalistic. Then Hank let himself rise on the heady clouds of passion. He felt his massive cumload begin boil over.

"Gonna cum, gonna give you a man's hot load of cum!" he grunted, falling onto the teen. His hips jerked and his ass twisted around, fucking his long cock deep into the teen.

Richie was dreamy and warm all over. The man almost knocked the air out of him, and the weight of his heavy, hairy body made the teen want to keep on fucking forever.

The way Richie was working Hank's cockflesh over with his orgasmic ass-spasms did it for the man. Hank dropped his head and went for the teen with his teeth, bouncing his ass in quick blurs over the teen. He bit into Richie's neck, up into his ear, around to his vulnerable throat.

Richie twisted around, feeling Hank's teeth sink into his thin skin, excited beyond his wildest dreams. Then he felt what he had been waiting for. He felt the man's cock swell inside him, rutting up to his lungs, then begin punching out a strong gush of cum!

Hank's meaty buns clenched as he sent his fuckjuice into Richie. He chewed on the teen's trembling red ear, then drooled down over the teen's smooth cheek, covering his soft open lips with his own. He let his cumload flow! Explosive spurts spattered into Richie's packed ass.

Wonderful sensations coursed through them both, as he fucked his cumming cockflesh through the teen's clinging asshole.

Finally dwindling down, Hank pushed back and sat again, his cock still within the teen's ass-sheath. Then he slid back, watching as his swollen fucker pulled from the teen's twitching asslips. The thin membranes wrinkled back moistly red as he dragged the teen off his sex flesh.

Hank flipped the teen onto his back.

"Cum off!" he ordered.

Richie shuddered from head to toe, then let his juices fly. For over two hours, the poor teen had seemingly climaxed over and over, holding his cream and his piss in his aching belly. Now it spurted off like a thin geyser. Up to the ceiling it spurted from his nail-hard prick. Man and teen showered in his juices, yellow piss and creamy jism raining down all over them. Richie flopped around as he came, sending his pissy cream plopping around the room.

Hank leaned down and licked the teen, swallowing his delicious fuckjuices. He lifted and spread Richie's dangling legs and sent his cock back into the teen's sore asshole. He fucked in all the way and held there, slurping around over Richie's skinny chest. He let the warm, slow orgasm flow over him as he tasted the teen down through his throat. A powerful flow of cum surged out his cock, more delightful than the last.

Richie licked his fingers as he felt another load of cum fill his belly.

His prick snapped off more jets of jism as he was fucked all over again.

He was one happy teen!

CHAPTER THREE

Once fucked by the man's raging cock, Richie was hungry for more. The lusty teen was willing to do anything to get Hank's heavy fucker up his buns and get that aching ass hunger satisfied.

The teen showed up at Hank's house all the time, and the man always found he could rise to new heights of teen-sex with Richie, as if there were no limits to their super-charged lust in the teen.

Hank was just coming home one night when he heard a soft whistle beside the porch.

"Who's there?" he asked, going back down the steps. He rounded the corner of the house and there was Richie, half behind a bush, naked as a jaybird.

"What the hell are you doing, running around bare-assed?" he asked.

"Where's your clothes, Richie?"

"At home." The teen grinned, his dark eyes sparkling. "I thought it would be fun to ride my bike over here naked. Felt good, too, the wind around my balls and the bike seat snug up my buns!"

"Didn't anyone see you?"

The teen giggled, his skinny stomach rippling in the darkness. "I think so. A couple cars slowed way down as I glided by. I spread my legs a bit to let 'em look over the goods, too!" The adorable teen raised his eyebrows. "I think one of them was a cop."

"Let's get you inside and fuck, you slut!" said the man. He grabbed around the teen's thin waist and tucked Richie up under his arm, pulling the teen off his feet.

A car screeched to a stop in front of Hank's house. The cop inside leaned down and saw Richie's rosy-raw buns mooning out real cute under the

man's hugging arm. The uniformed black man opened the door and headed up the walk as Hank was almost though the door with the teen. He felt his balls move around and throb at the sight of the white ass.

"Hold on a minute there, fella!" said the cop. Hank spun around, and the naked teen raised his head to look, wide-eyed, at the uniform.

"Seen this twerp spinning around without any clothes on as I passed Market Street. What the hell's goin' on here?" he asked.

Hank was a flabbergasted, but he knew how to handle guys like this.

"Let's get inside, shall we, Officer? I think we can satisfy your curiosity."

"You'd better," said the cop, closing the door behind him, his eyes still glued to Richie's sweet buns. He wished the white teen would spread for him, show him his cherry little asshole. "I got the teen on indecent exposure, and you," he glared at Hank, "you could get a morals charge if I think you're up to something, mister."

"Morals are what governments use to punish men of courage," said the man, lowering Richie to his feet.

"Shit, the twerp's younger than I thought," said the officer. "Hell, he doesn't even come up to your pecs, man." Then his eyes went down to Richie's groin. He sure liked the looks of the white teen. "And the teen's got a heaven-pointin' boner that could drill through wood!"

Hank led the man to the kitchen table. "Have a seat, Officer... uh..."

"Officer Mackey." He sat down. He watched as the naked teen followed close to Hank.

"My name's Hank Davis, and this here's Richie. Can I offer you a beer?"

"Yeah, OK. Guess one beer on duty ain't gonna ruin my career," said the black, wiping his brow. "Can't blame the teen for wantin' to travel light, either. It's damn hot." He felt his mammoth fucker stir through his pants, getting steamy and hard.

The men popped beers and sat down. The teen slipped around the table and stood looking over the black cop's hunky uniform, seeing his badge and gun and the growing bulge in the big man's crotch. His cock jerked, flicking off a drop of lube to his belly. Both men watched as the clear syrup oozed down.

"You ain't gonna make any big thing of a teen biking around in the dark without his clothes on, are you, Officer Mackey?" said Hank, relaxed.

"Well..."

"I mean, the teen's just a little hot under the balls, ain't you, Richie?"

"Yeah, I'm hot all right," said the teen in his sweet, mellow voice. He shook his hair out of his eyes and licked his lips. He looked the black cop in the eye and diddled around with his own tit, getting it red and pointy.

"Well, Hank, it means a lot of paperwork..."

"The teen's such a friendly thing," said Hank. "I'd hate to see him in any trouble."

Richie pushed his bony hips forward, leaning toward the man, letting him know that he could mess around with him if he wanted. The teen was turned on by the butch guy, almost as much as by Hank himself.

"Well, the teen seems like a nice teen..."

"You can fuck him if you want."

As Hank said that, the teen leaned forward even more, rubbing the head of his lean prick over the arm of Mackey's jacket.

The black looked down. He watched the bullet-headed cock rub off a trail of glistening cock-snot over his uniform. His own prick ran down his leg like a dark log in his pants. "Turn around!"

Richie figured the guy wanted to look over the goods. He spun gracefully on his feet and showed the cop his bare ass. Then he shivered with pleasure

as he felt the man touch him.

Mackey did more than touch. He ran his fingers down through the teen's offered asscrack, feeling how wonderfully smooth and silky the soft skin was. There was a thin sheen of ass-sweat over Richie's buns, which acted as a lubricant to the man's touch. The cop felt heat generated from the teen's raw ass, and probed around the elastic assring before he penetrated the teen. He eased his finger in, feeling how Richie's asshole eased out over his finger, allowing him to ram into the squishy guts and stir around with his thick finger deep inside.

"Nice ass," said the man as he wormed another finger into the heat of the teen's guts. "Ain't never frigged a white teen's ass before. Mmmm, tight and hot."

Richie jumped, then leaned back, taking the digits deep up his squirming ass. "Ahhhh, feels soooo gooood, getting a scratchin' up my ass," sighed the teen, his dark eyes going glassy and his cheeks flushing red.

The black tweaked at Richie's swollen prostate. The stimulation of his spongy ass gland made Richie quiver with delight. Richie's cock tapped his belly twice, then spurted off with sweet young cream.

Mackey held the teen with a big dark hand more than covering his belly as Richie sagged forward with his orgasm. "Nips around my finger real nice when he cumms," said the man, his thick lips spreading with pleasure. He continued to screw his fingers around up the teen's ass.

Richie spouted off a nice string of cum with each tickle at his prostate, almost giggling with the spasms of delight rippling through him.

The black pulled his hand from Richie's convulsing asshole and pawed over the teen like he was feeling a slab of fresh meat.

"Mmmmm, real soft and silky, this white teen," he said in a throaty voice. "He could make a fortune downtown, peddling his pert ass."

The black hands spread ass mucus as Mackey felt up the teen, drawing his fingers down Richie's skinny chest, over his sunk-in belly, down his legs. The man reached up, feeling the teen's apple-fresh cheeks, leaving a gleam of ass juices over Richie's open lips.

"Ya ain't through fooling with my ass, are ya?" asked Richie, looking back over his shoulder.

Hank nodded to the man. "Go ahead, Officer," he said. "The teen likes man-action. He can squirt off like a Roman candle as long as a man's working him over real strong and hard."

"I'd kinda like to get a taste of the teen's equipment," said the cop, his heavy eyes showing red around the pupils. He drew the teen up to the kitchen table. Mackey spread Richie flat on his back over the table in front of him. He spread the legs, exposing the most private flesh for inspection and abuse.

The cop licked his lips, seeing the teen's dewy asscrack spread open under his nose. The teen was wonderfully soft and smooth, his buns glowing with a sheen of sweat, lining his asscleft. In the midst of it, the pulsing dimple at the entrance to teen heaven, Richie's ripe asshole, squished tight, ready to suck in and work over a man's raging fucker.

Planting his meaty hands over the backs of Richie's thighs, the cop lowered his face into the teen's creamy asscrack. His thick red tongue slurped up the bottom of the teen's delicate ball bag, the man humming deep in his throat all the time. He licked all around the teen's groin, over his balls and around his stiff prick. He lapped at the juices shot from Richie's cock that still gleamed over the teen's sucked-in stomach.

Hank looked down into the teen's eyes as the teen weaved his head back and forth, upside down, on the table right under him. He held Richie's skull tight in his hands and lowered his lips to the teen's. They kissed deeply, their tongues entwining immediately, urgently. As they kissed, Hank ran his hands over the teen's skinny chest, playing around with Richie's nipples and getting them sore and stiff.

Naturally, the teen was feeling mighty pleased. The teen lay passive, naked and spread wide, there over the kitchen table as both men mouthed over him for their sexual pleasures. Their raving tongues on his erogenous ass and mouth had his balls nearly buzzing. When Hank began to lick up around his neck and down his throat, the teen felt throbs of passion boiling in his gut.

Without a whimper, the teen sucked in his gut and sent jets of jism out his leaking cock. Creamy strands pelted Hank's face as he sucked up the teen's cute face.

The black caught the juices spurting from the teen and went after them like a cat lapping milk. His fat tongue scooped up the fuck-cream that plopped over Richie's panting stomach. He smacked his thick lips as he slurped up the teen's sweet ball juice, letting the spunky syrup run down his throat slow and easy. Then he went down to chew over the teen's tender ball bag. He sank his teeth deep into the ballsac and ground around, feeling the rubbery balls crushed between his teeth. He wanted to taste the pain of the teen, to just eat up the succulent white teen and swallow him down. He wanted Richie's cum, his ass, his tears, snot and sweat! Both men worked to suck out every liquid from the teen's lusty body.

Richie jutted up his pelvis with the aching pain, his prick pumping even higher and stronger. His jaw opened wide as Hank's mouth covered his, their hot breath and spit mixed together in their shared lust.

"Mmmmmm," moaned the cop again. "Juicy balls, mashed between my teeth!"

But he didn't work over Richie's sperm bag much longer. Just as the agony was about unendurable for the teen, Mackey let the tooth marked balls fall out between his ivory choppers, then he ran his tongue down the teen's smooth ass valley. His seeking tongue found its target and stiffened to a point right at Richie's raw shit-hole.

Drooling, the black twirled his tongue around the lips of Richie's asshole. The teen's legs kicked around in spasming jerks as he felt the man licking

up his shiner. Spit ran down his cheeks as Hank continued to hold his head and frenched around with his face.

"Gonna get a deep taste of white teen-ass," said Mackey to himself.

The black spread Richie's asscrack wide with his hands, then nuzzled his face right between those asscheeks. He drilled his tongue though the assring and entered the softly clenching ass channel. He plunged in deep, stirring his tongue around in the tasty juices cooking up inside. He groaned deep in his throat as he caught the tangy flavors.

Hank could feel Richie tremble with ecstasy beneath his hands and lips.

The teen was squirming around over the slick table, his spit and snot flowing as he felt the black's tongue twirling around deep up his ass.

Hank just ground all the harder into the teen's tits, twisting them around cruelly and yanking them around in his gripping fingers.

Richie balled up even more with the men's hot treatment of him. Hell, he felt that tongue up his ass was buzzing the root of his cock, about as deep as his belly button. And Hank smooching around as he about tore his tits off -- Richie was in heaven, not knowing what was pain and what was pleasure.

His feet kicking and his toes clawing into Hank's face, the teen jerked out his spunk. Hot licks of thin jism shot from his ruddy cock. They arched up from his burning groin and spattered down over his stomach and chest, and over Hank's head.

The black cop pulled his sweaty face from between Richie's reddened buns.

His huge hands went to his belt buckle, got it open, and drew the thick black leather from around his waist. He stepped back, his eyes narrowed to slits and his puffy lips set in an animal sneer. He raised the belt and whipped it down onto Richie's vulnerable ass.

Hank raised his head from Richie's chewed lips when he felt the teen jerk with the pain of the whip. He looked up to Mackey and grinned. "Give it to

him, copper! Burn his buns with that leather! Let me see you really work him over!"

The black smacked into Richie's ass again and again. The teen lifted his tail even farther, giving his ass totally to the man's abuse. His feet went above his head, and his ankles crossed over his skull. His prick was smack up against his belly, drooling down a string of pearly lube over his cheeks.

"Do it, man!" Richie's high voice pleaded. "Whip my ass! Sting that whip right into my pussy! Let me feel the blood whipped right out of my rump!"

Mackey didn't need the teen to encourage his lust. He sent that heavy leather over Richie's tender ass cheeks and right down his ass slit with violent swings. With each sharp slap, the teen jerked with pain, but he never moved to avoid the blows.

"I just love seeing a white teen's ass get all red and rosy with a whip," hissed the cop. "Love seem how the sweat shines on that whipped ass, 'n' how his baby asshole puckers out with the pain!"

Hank stood and drew his cock out. He pulled the tortured teen toward him till Richie's jerking feet were just dropping off the end of the table.

Then he fisted his fat fucker mid ran it over the soles of the teen's smooth feet. Felt good, feeling his sensitive cock-knob rubbing around the squirming toes. He left a trail of slimy lube.

Hank looked down over the teen as he fucked Richie's feet. He liked the way the teen's ass was getting smeared with a film of blood from the whipping. He saw oily jism spilling down the teen's sides, like the teen was spunking off almost continually from the leather spanking roughly on his smarting ass.

Hank's cock was hardened up and warmed by the teen's wiggling toes. Hank sent his prick up over the teen's dreamy face. He rubbed his cock over Richie's half-closed eyes and across his sweat-shiny forehead. He liked that

getting his cock into the adorable teen's face. He ran the fist-thick head of his prick down around the teen's pliable nose, then over his parted soft lips.

Richie felt the man's fat fucker over his face and felt wonderfully warm all over. He was getting used by two heavy men, and he surrendered to their manly lust, loving every minute of it. He threw his head back as best he could, opening his mouth wide and trying to capture Hank's big cock in his lips.

"Arggghhh, gotta get that in my mouth, Hank," Richie pleaded, his jaw gaping wide. "Please, Hank, fuck my face with your big cock. Run it down my throat!"

Hank ran his fucker through the lips, thrilling at the soft warmth of the teen's mouth on his cockflesh. He felt Richie's tongue circle the crown, then tease into his piss slit.

With a liquid heave of his hips, Hank leaned into the teen's face, fucking his throbbing prick all the way down Richie's tight, clutching throat. Hank felt like he was ramming his cockshaft through hot gripping liver, the way the teen's thin neck gagged and hugged at his thick cock.

He ground his wiry cockhair into the teen's thin stretched lips, grunting with pleasure.

All the time, the black cop was lashing Richie's ass red as a beet. He snapped the belt hard, and kissed the teen's unguarded balls with sharp stings of pain. The thin-skinned ballsac flopped around, bright red from the abuse it was taking.

Richie quivered with joy at the pain. Blood now was filming his ass, and he burned with the bliss of sexual torture.

Each snap of the lash gave Hank a nice squeeze in the teen's belly, too.

"Whip him all night, Mackey. Hell, he's working over my cock like a calf at a tit, about sucking my cum out, the way he's fighting for air!"

The cop was sweating heavy. And his arm was aching, too. But seeing the teen take Hank's fucker all the way down to his balls made him hot to make it especially good for the teen. He whipped at Richie's ass harder and faster. He stung the teen's balls and landed the leather smack on the teen's vulnerable asshole. The dimple was red and wet, kissing back at the belt's searing pain. It flowered open to the size of a dime, and Mackey sent a sting right into the gleaming red ass walls.

Richie's brain was buzzing right along with his balls. He was choking around the fat tube of cockflesh crammed down his gullet. He was thrilled with pain burning over his ass. And he was into multiple orgasms with the whole, mind blowing experience.

Hank fucked his cock in and out of Richie's lips, mashing into the teen's nose when he fucked in deep. He went back to working over Richie's sore tits, reaching under the teen and yanking around like crazy at his nipples. Then Hank's juices bolted from his balls, quick and sweet. Even a man as disciplined as Hank couldn't control his orgasm long with all the whipping and sucking going on. He felt his fucker swell and go hard as a rock down through Richie's chest. He fucked into the teen's face, then went stiff in every sinew and muscle of his body.

He shook, and heat pulsed through him. Then Hank came. Hard, powerful floods of cum exploded in long, thick ropes through his cock, down the teen's thin neck, and blasted into his belly. Hank's buns clenched tight with each gush of cum juice. He felt heady thrills, knowing he was filling the teen with his ball snot.

Mackey whipped into the teen even harder as he saw the man orgasm in the teen's mouth. He saw the teen's smooth cheeks balloon out with the cum pumped between his teeth. Then, as Hank eased up on his fuck-thrusts, the black dropped the red-streaked belt and drew out his own cock.

Richie let out a whimper around the root of Hank's cock, suddenly missing the whipping pain on his buns, wanting more.

The man's cock was a giant! A foot long at least, the black prick tube was thick as a bottle, rising to full erection like a crane rising over a coal pit.

Hank spurted out another few lines of cum into the teen as he looked at the black fuck flesh fill to complete arousal, knowing the cop was going to fuck into the teen as soon as his prick was ebony-hard.

Mackey grinned like a drunken black satyr as he looked down at Richie's bloody ass, and his own column of cock rising to connect with Richie's ass. He liked the contrast.

Hank kept his softening cock in Richie's mouth as the cop put his cock up the young man's moist asshole.

Richie was aware of what was going on. He heard the black's words and felt the blunt end of Mackey's cock nosing into his asscheeks. He gave out a moan, wanting to get stuck on a big black cock so bad.

He got his wish. The cop ground his hips around and worked his cock into the teen. First the flaring prickhead spread the teen's asshole wider than ever before.

Then Richie's guts took inch after inch of black sex flesh as the man strained and sweated, corkscrewing his groin around to cram that hard fuck shaft into the teen.

Halfway into Richie's bloody buns, Mackey paused, sucking in his gut.

Then he grasped the teen's lean flanks in his big paws and fucked into the teen hard.

Hank helped the teen get speared by leaning forward, pressing his groin up against Richie's smelly feet and keeping the teen from sliding right off the table.

Swoosh! The heavy black planted his steely meat all the way up the teen's spasming ass! Richie went into a seizure of sorts, getting skewered to the limit on that engorged black cock. Spurts of liquid crystal sprayed from his lean prick, splashing up to his chin and all over him. He got off on the sensual odors of jism, sweat and blood as he orgasmed wildly with the fuck.

Mackey started fucking. "Ohhhh, yeah! The teen's got a gut-grip that's gonna get me creaming soon!" He grinned, his face black as night. He began to fuck like a bull, slamming his groin against the teen's upraised ass in thrust after thrust. His cockshaft drew back over Richie's thin asslips, showing them bright red, then rammed back into the teen with a juicy jab.

Hank's cock was half hard, just hanging down the teen's throat. He drew back, letting his cock knob ride up over the teen's worming tongue and felt his balls worked over in the teen's clenching toes. Hank looked down into Richie's dazed eyes.

"You want a load of piss, baby?" he asked. The teen was barely conscious, almost passing out with the blissful pain filling his packed ass. But he managed a quick nod. His hair was plastered to his skull with his sweat.

"Here she comes, Richie. Nice, warm piss!" With that, Hank burned out a line of piss that splashed over the teen's soft tongue, spattered over the back of his throat and filled his mouth. Hank and Mackey watched as the yellow water brimmed right up to the teen's white teeth. Then, just as a trickle ran down Richie's cheek, the teen opened his throat and gulped it down.

That got the black cop going, watching a teen drink piss! He shagged his hips in a frenzy, mashing Richie's guts up to his neck. He twisted around and jarred the teen with his fucks, getting them both beyond the point of no return.

The teen reached back as he was used like a toilet by the man. His fingers stroked the man's muscular thighs and tickled gently around his hairy balls. With each gut-punching fuck-thrust, Richie's eager fingers caressed up between Hank's sweaty ass.

Hank couldn't help but bone up as his piss diminished. When his prick was hard enough, he leaned forward again, fucking his cock down Richie's piss-slick throat.

Together, the men fucked their cocks though the teen's willing body, their cock knobs butting each other as they fucked into the midst of the teen. Mackey thrust hard, his hairy crotch wet and red with the teen's blood and

sex sweat. Hank fucked between the teen's wet lips, not caring whether the teen choked on his cock or not.

Minutes passed, the room hot and humid, filled with the rutting grunts of the sadistic fuckers. Richie felt orgasm after orgasm rip from his mashed guts, and he slid around over the table in his own slimy jism.

The men sensed that both of them were close. They fucked their swollen cocks frantically into both ends of the teen. Then they sucked in air, their stomachs going hard. Their teeth showed through drawn lips. They strained -- then came!

Their cum hit Richie like liquid fists. Pounding spurts of cum surged into him from both their massive cocks. The teen swelled with cum. He was drowned in it!

Hank and Mackey sent their liquid passion out in string after string, rising on the wave of orgasmic lust within the teen. Unending tides of pleasure racked their heavy muscles as they orgasmed, working their spurting cockflesh around in the teen's twitching guts.

CHAPTER FOUR

"Whoooppee! On the road and free as the wind!" cried Richie, peeling down to his skin in the seat of the pickup beside Hank. "I just don't feel natural around you less I'm bare-ass, Hank. That way, you can mash my balls or fuck my ass without stripping me first. Saves time."

"And that's the way I like ya, teen," answered the man, giving the teen's egg sac a healthy tug. "Just watch that nobody sees your bare ass or your bony pisser from the road."

The man and teen were traveling south, to the Gulf. Hank had finally gotten another letter, saying that his son, the teen he had fathered early in that silly affair in Vietnam, might be living down there among some shrimpers.

"How old is he?" asked Richie as he snuggled up to Hank and began to massage the man's fucker to hardness in his pants.

"He'd be almost a man by now. Hell, he was born before we evacuated but I only have this snapshot." He dug a wrinkled photo from his pants.

Richie held the picture in his fingers. "He's cute, Hank. Wonder if he's gay." The teen licked his lips and went back to jacking the man's cock.

They traveled through sparse country as the teen finally got Hank's hard fuck flesh from his pants. As they bounced along the road, the teen sucked that fucker down his throat, licking up the bottom of the cockshaft and throat squeezing around the back of the prick-knob. Hank dropped his hand to the teen's buns and diddled up his asshole, three fingers goosing around up the teen's ass in a lazy sort of way.

After the blowjob, the teen wanted a fuck. "Can I sit on your lap, Hank, please? I promise not to bounce around much, honest! You can fuck me for miles that way! Please!"

So, on they drove in the afternoon heat, Richie happily perched on the thick spindle of Hank's engorged cock, his head thrown back in ecstasy over the

man's muscled chest. Theteen spread his lean legs out over the man's, and let his packed insides feel Hank's cock working around as they rambled along down the road. He was contented, wrapped around the man's throbbing cock.

Every so often, the teen would start sensuous convulsions of his ass-walls, losing control of an orgasm built up over a half hour or so of fucking. Then he'd work over his tits or grab his balls, bubbling over with jism-spurting bliss.

By the time they'd covered a couple hundred miles, Hank had sent a couple loads of cum up the teen and Richie was getting sort of sweaty and dripping with his jism. His dark eyes drooped real sexy as Hank lifted him off his cock and set him limply on the seat beside him.

"Gotta stop soon, get some gas and take a leak," he said.

"You gotta piss?" asked the teen, his eyebrows raised and his eyes more alert.

Before the man could answer, Richie leaned over.

"Piss in me, please. I love your piss, Hank, love it filling me up. Hell, I gotta take a pee right now, so bad I think my belly's gonna explode.

But I want to drink your load, please!"

Hank put his hand to the back of Richie's skull and guided his face down over his cock. The prick was slimy with the teen's own assjuices and the man's cum. But he felt the teen's soft lips encircle the brown-smeared crown and slide down the half-hard cockshaft.

"Here it comes," said Hank, letting his bladder relax.

Richie felt the cock tremble against the back of his throat, and sensed the piss coming up. Then, gushing warm yellow suds shot from Hank's piss slit and filled his cheeks! The flood backed up down his throat and spurted out his snotty nostrils and around his ovaled lips. Richie guzzled it down.

"Feels good, Richie, using you like a toilet," murmured the man, letting his piss flow free. He felt his cock getting stiff, nudging the back of the teen's gullet as he emptied his bladder down the teen.

Hank cut his flow with a nice burning sensation.

Richie tongued the man's rigid shaft, trying to get the flow going again, then pulled off, yellow spit dripping down his chin. His dark eyes were wide with curiosity.

"You ain't pissed it all into me yet, Hank. Give me all ya got. Please?"

he said, swiping his tongue around his puffy lips, which were dripping with piss.

"Sit on it again," said Hank, keeping his eyes on the road as his thick cock stood up firm from his open crotch. "I'll fill your ass with the rest."

"Ooooh, goodie!" He hopped to it, kneeling over the man's cock between his chest and the steering wheel and sinking his buns around the man's raging prick. He took the cock fast, sitting right down, eager for the rest of Hank's warm piss up his guts. He felt his own piss load ache as he forced the mighty cock up through his ass.

As the man felt Richie's pulsing assring squeeze down to the root of his cock, he strained and let the piss flow again. He leaned back and felt piss run up his fucker and slosh warmly into the teen's tight guts, on and on. He toyed around with the teen's tight balls as he filled him with piss.

The teen sighed with pleasure. "Feels good, Hank, like I'm cumming all the time, with your piss 'n' mine, just making me sexy all over. Work my balls over good, please. Kinda takes my mind off the piss-pain and gets me hot."

Hank did, mashing around with his fingers, digging into the rubbery cores of the teen's balls. He ran his cheeks and lips over the teen's damp hair as he pissed up Richie's ass, feeling and smelling the wild animal scent the teen was cooking off as he endured the pain swelling in his guts.

Suddenly, Richie quivered, drawing his knees up above the rim of the steering wheel. Then he spurted off! Quick, high licks hit the roof of the cab! Right in front of Hank's eyes, thin cum-bullets geysered up from the pissy teen.

The teen's orgasm sucked the cum right out of Hank. He couldn't help it.

He jerked out the last drops of piss. Hank pulled the teen up tight against him, hugging in the teen's aching gut, and sent long, sweet streams of his thick cum into Richie's rippling ass.

"Gotta get gas, teen," the man said.

He pulled the truck over into a station on the outskirts of a small farm town, stopped and looked over to the teen. The teen was a sight -- pissy, cummy and sweaty, sitting limp over the seat, his lean arms and legs wide and his eyes kind of dreamy. His prick was stiff, though, and he gave Hank a long, sleepy-teen look under his damp eyelashes. It was hot in the cab, and the young teen was flushed with sex and the pain of holding in all his piss along with Hank's down his belly and, up his ass.

Hank opened the door as the attendant came out. "Fill it up," said the man to the scrawny teen.

"Yes, sir," said the teen.

He was a real hick, in his late teens or early twenties, with just a pair of baggy overalls on his skinny frame, barefoot and grimy with grease and dirt. He caught sight of Richie as Hank opened the door. He liked the look of that -- a naked teen, prick-stiff and supple teen sprawled out.

Hank unlocked the gas cap and leaned against the truck, tipping back a cold beer.

"You goin' far mister?" asked the teen.

"To the Gulf."

The teen nodded his head and his hair fell down over his eyes about to his long nose. "You got a mighty interestin' passenger there, mister," he drawled, looking down to the hose.

Hank grinned. "Yep, that's Richie, a special friend of mine." He could see the teen's cock sticking out from the frayed cotton of his overalls, beginning to jut out and moisten the cloth between his knobby knees.

There was silence for a minute, the only sound being the gas gurgling into the truck. Then the hick spoke, not even looking up: "S'pose we make a deal, mister. I let you have the gas if we can fool around inside for a bit, OK?"

"You want to fuck the teen?"

"Uh, yeah, I like to run my cock up a teen's ass like that. Do it to my teen brother all the time. Feels mighty nice. Only trouble, my daddy fucks him so much that the teen's ass is kinda loose and sloppy by now."

The teen looked up with hungry-dog eyes. "But, well, that ain't all, mister. I kinda want, well, you know..."

Hank sensed what the scrawny teen wanted, the way he wiggled his lean ass around as he ran his grimy hands over the hose. "You want to get fucked, don't ya?"

The hick lifted his head like he'd been socked in the gut. "Yeah, mister, I need a fuckin' so bad. Hell, papa ain't tacked me since he started screwing my brother's tail. I ain't had a decent fuck for months, and my ass is aching kinda empty-like to have a man's cock run up it!"

"You got yourself a deal, uh..."

"Darryl -- Darryl Bartholomew," he drawled out real quiet.

Hank let out a low grunt. "You and me fuck around with Richie, then I fuck you."

The teen's head bobbed around like it was on a string, he was so excited.

"Yeah, mister! Shit, my ass is twitchin' an' itchin' already. You fuck me hard, too, if ya want. My daddy, he used to whip my ass real good before he fucked me. Now my teen brother gets all the whipping and fucking.

'Course, I get to mess around with him when pa's through for the night.

That ain't as good as gettin' a good fuck myself." The dirty teen swayed out his belly, just as randy as a bitch in heat.

Hank went around and opened the door to the truck. Richie's leg dangled down, his toes pointing to the dirt and his moist groin wide open. "Got a action for you, lover," said the man with a leer. "Got a horny hick just itching for a fuck, and he likes the looks of your ass."

Richie let out a moan of lust and slid down to the ground, weaving like he was drunk or something. Hank led the naked teen by his shoulders into the garage where Darryl was ready for a good time.

The teen was just unhitching the straps of his overalls when they entered. The single garment was all the teen was wearing. It slid down his torso, then rumpled up around his ankles.

Hank watched as the teen stepped out of the oily overalls and stood dirty and naked. The teen's cock was bone-hard, jutting up from his bony pelvis and drooling lube.

Darryl's glassy eyes kept going from Richie's ass to the bulge in Hank's pants, his tongue hanging out, he was so hungry for some sexing.

"Nice hang on ya, teen," said the man. He went up and foiled the teen's rigid prick, sliding his fingers up and down the cockshaft.

The country teen kind of shook all over with the man's touch on his boner. The solid cock jumped in the man's hand, the cum tube gaping wide and leaking oil.

Hank cupped the meaty balls in the palm of his hand, feeling their firm weight. He gave them a healthy squeeze. Nothing too painful, just testing

out the feel. The hick just pushed out his pelvis with the aching in his balls, wanting more. There was a line of matted fur over the root of his cock, and his pale skin was streaked with grime and oil. His ribs and pelvis stood out, he was so scrawny.

Richie was looking over the country teen, working his foot around over the greasy floor and rubbing his stomach. He was so full of piss and cum, he kit he would burst out his jism with just the touch of that hick's cherry-red cockhead on his asshole. He was straining to keep Hank's piss and cum up his ass. He endured the agony with a pleasure only teens go for. Pain was a treat which only made the sex all the better, especially when it came from a man like Hank, a guy who treated him rough and didn't care if the punishment hurt or not.

"You're going to get your ass whipped," he said.

Richie was swaying on his feet. "Yeah, I figured I would, Hank. I'm ready for it. Don't know if I can take it without passing out, though," said the teen.

"You'd better not. I don't care to fuck dead meat, and I don't reckon the teen does either."

Hank lifted Richie and sent him through the loop of leather, leaving him hanging there bent clear over with the fan belt run around his stomach.

His ass was raised out with his nose about touching his toes. His fingers just grazed over the greasy floor as he swayed around in the middle of the steamy workshop.

Hank turned to the naked hick. "You do it, Darryl. Spank his candy-apple ass while I watch. I kinda like watching a teen torture another teen before they fuck."

Darryl beamed at the idea. "Sure thing, mister." He grabbed a length of rubber. It looked like a flabby hose that had burst at one end, where it was all ragged and torn. He flipped it around a couple times, letting it whistle through the hot air. His lube was lacquering down his stiff shaft all the way

down to his fat balls. He was even oily-wet between his skinny thighs by now, he was so aroused.

Darryl swung the rubber and whacked a cracking slap on Richie's ass. The firm buns reddened up. Hank saw the teen's asscrack was already rubbed raw with the fucking they'd done on the road. Darryl whipped again and burned a smarting blow over the teen. Then he sucked in his gut and went at it, sweating and whipping, his fat balls bouncing as his bony cock moved with his pelvis.

Richie was blazing with pain. The belt run under his belly was putting sweet pressure on his gutful of piss. The searing pain soaking into his buns had him about creaming as he swayed limp as a rag doll from the hoist.

Hank liked the scene. He leaned his ass against the counter, rubbing his hard cock down his pantsleg as he watched the naked hick burn pain into his lover. He liked the looks of Darryl's ass, too, lean at the base of his tapered back.

There was a steady slapping of rubber over Richie's buns. Grunts came from the hick as he swung the lash. And whines of pleasure came from Richie. A blow landed right between his buns and kissed his straining asshole. With a quiver that ran down his arms and legs, the teen orgasmed. Jets of jism spurted from Richie's groin and splattered all over the dirty floor. Soft wads of pearly cum plopped to the oily grease beneath his feet.

"Fuck him!" ordered Hank.

Darryl stopped, dropping the rubber whip. He was shiny with sweat and his red tits stood out hard. His cock was red as a rooster, the head swelling up like a gum ball. He looked at Hank and the man saw how fevered the teen's eyes were feral and bright.

"Fuck his ass!" Hank snapped.

The hick didn't say a word. He stood up close to Richie, resting one hand on the bent back. He grabbed his cock with the other and bent his prickhead down to Richie's blood-smeared ass slot. He shimmied his skinny hips as he

worked his dick, into Richie's pissy ass. He went in smooth, not stopping till his groin-fur was rubbing the whipped asscrack.

Hank bent down and picked up the length of rubber, now warm with Richie's blood. He stood behind Darryl and smacked his ass as the teen fucked into Richie. The man liked the way Darryl's long dirty hair fanned out down over his back, and how the teen's shoulder blades stood out as he took the whip while working his groin against Richie's buns.

"Ooooh, goodie!" cooed the hick. "Getting my tail spanked while I fuck!

Shit, it's better'n thrashin' around naked in a thistle-patch!"

Hank whipped into Darryl's ass with firm, one-rattling lashes. He liked the way the teen's buns clenched up with pain, dimples forming in them as he took the whip. Droplets of sweat trickled down the skinny teen's back, right into his ass furrow, as he leaned over Richie with his fuck-thrusts.

All Hank could see of the teens his feet dangling loose between Darryl's spread legs. With his free hand, Hank drew his large cock out of his pants. He stroked his meat gently as he continued to spank Darryl's bare ass.

It was a hot scene, one teen hoisted up and fucked by another sexy teen.

And Darryl was standing there taking the pain of the whip on his buns as he ran his fucker through the pissy guts.

"Ooooh, oooh, ooh, oh," gasped the country teen, with each crack of the rubber over his ass. He dropped over Richie's back, drooling into the teen's hair as he fucked his cock through his guts. "Cummmmm, man. Gonna cummmmm!" he felt his orange-sized balls distend till he felt like they were going to rupture. Then he let his jism fly.

Richie felt the teen's cum-flood hit his guts like a fist. Massive gushes of spunk pumped from the teen's cock into his piss-filled ass. Richie felt hazy-headed, almost numb with pain and pleasure. His orgasm just flowed out, his pisser spitting out strings of jism to the floor in long, thin trails.

Hank stopped whipping and watched both teens weave around in the throes of orgasm. He stepped up quickly behind Darryl and centered his manly fucker between the hick's buns. Then he punched his cock-knob into the teen! Hank just heaved forward, sinking his fat cock.

"Yeah, man. Fuck me full!" crooned the teen, clenching his assring down over the base of Hank's wrist-thick cock.

The man felt Darryl's pulse throb in his guts, felt the nips of the teen's cum-gasps within the heat and gripping moisture of Darryl's lean ass. It felt damn good. And the teen's whipped buns were warm and wet as he set his jaw and mashed his groin into them. He leaned forward, putting more weight on Richie below them. He nibbled around the hick's ear as he heaved in and let his balls erupt their cum out his cock. Throbbing floods of cum tunneled through his swollen shaft and billowed out inside the pit of the hick.

"Piss in him!" Hank whispered urgently into Darryl's trembling red ear.

"Piss in him while I fuck my cum up your ass!"

Darryl felt the tingle burn through his belly. The man's fuck juices were working the piss right out of him. He spasmed out the last of his cream and let the piss flow.

Richie was unprepared for more pain. His body had just absorbed the fucking, then the teen suffered further agony from another rich load of piss up his ass! It was too much. He flopped around like a dying fish under the weights of the teen and the man over him. His cream-strings laced the floor in a criss-cross pattern as he was pushed around, fucked, and pissed full.

It was too much. Hank spurted out his cum and felt the back-splash of Darryl's piss splashing his legs. He ground into the teen's asscrack hard. He felt all three of their ball bags rubbing off against each other, getting sprayed with the piss squirting back out of Richie's stuffed ass around the other teen's cockshaft.

"Sweet fuck!" the man sighed, and pulled his friction-red cock with a plop from the hick's lean ass.

As soon as Darryl was free, he too yanked his long prick out of the teen he'd been fucking. He went right to his knees, showering in the pissy cum that came spouting out of Richie's asshole. The skinny hick lifted his face into the stream of shitty yellow cum, letting it soak through his hair and over his eyes and nose. He dropped his jaw and guzzled up the briny cum with gulp after gulp.

Hank stood aside and watched the teen's Adam's apple bobbing with every swallow of the cummy piss. It was a nice combination -- his own piss and the teen's, plus all their combined loads of jism. It bathed the teen, running down his skinny ribs and over his groin.

Darryl's crimson cock was still stiff, and the teen hunkered up his pelvis to get his balls warmed with the assjuices. Past spurts of jism shot up from his fucker.

Richie was letting juice flow out his prick, too, spunking and pissing as he hung loose in the belt. Front and back, the teen was flowing with fragrant juices, happy as a puppy taking a pee in clover.

The garage reeked of piss and cum, with a nice tinge of ass hanging in the air.

"Thanks for the fucking, mister," said Darryl real polite, his lean cock finally drooping to about half-staff as he stood in a puddle of piss. Goo mashed up between his smelly toes.

"That was great, Hank!" smiled Richie, his body gleaming with sweat, piss and cum. "The best ever!"

CHAPTER FIVE

Hank found out from some shrimpers that his son might be working on one of the boats during the day, but spending his nights at a place called the Gulf Ball Club.

"Sounds kinda kinky," said Richie. "What goes on here?"

"From what I hear, it's a gathering spot for all sorts of teen lovers --

Mexicans, truckers, bikers, you name it." Hank felt that any son of his, half-Asian or not, would probably be a highly sexed teen, so he felt that Vong would indeed be there. He pumped his cock through Richie's tight ass as he thought about the night ahead.

Richie looked up at the man. "Can I come along, Hank?" he asked, giving the man a nice hug of his ass channel on his fucking cock.

"Sure, Richie. Expect you'd better have something in the way of clothes on, though. At least till we find out what kind of action goes on at the Gulf Ball."

"You think I'll get in on any fucking?" asked the teen eagerly.

"You might, you might. Reckon I can share your ass with the right kind of men."

"Ooooh!" gasped Richie. His prick stretched up rigid-red and spurted off nice strings of cream.

After the fuck, Hank got the teen to pull up a tagged pair of cut-offs low on his hips and they headed for the scene. The Gulf Ball was on the water, away from town, protected, no doubt, by handsome payoffs to the local authorities. Hank pulled into the lot and they went to the darkened door. The lot was packed with trucks, cars and bikes. Other men were crowding around to get in. The men nodded at Hank, and scanned up and down over the cute young teen along with him. They could see the top of Richie's

creamy ass crack in back, and there were some fingers itching to get into the teen's tight pants. It was Saturday night, hot and humid.

"Ah, what a handsome pair, a virile man, a nubile young teen," droned a voice at Hank's shoulder as they entered.

Hank turned to see a sinuous black, eyes and teeth shining in the darkness of the club. The man was anywhere from twenty-five to forty, his kinky hair trimmed almost to his skull. He was so black, his skin seemed to have a blue sheen to it.

"Your first time here, I believe," said the man smoothly. "Permit me to introduce myself. I am called P'tit Garcon, and am the humble owner of this establishment."

"I'm Hank Davis, and this here's my friend, Richie," said Hank.

"A pleasure," said P'tit Garcon, his voice oily and warm. "May I be your host for tonight? An especially good night, with the moon full and the tide high. The teens are always extra wild on such nights."

Hank allowed the man to escort them to a table. It was in a semicircular arena, with a small stage raised just a few feet above the floor. The room was totally male, the atmosphere thick with smoke and husky voices.

Hank ordered a beer and an orange soda for Richie. P'tit Garcon ordered a mineral water.

"I have gathered perhaps the finest collection of slaves in North America, Mr. Davis. I hope you enjoy them," said the Jamaican. "Ah, here is one now to serve us."

Hank saw with interest that this one, like all the waiters, was a young teen, dad in a skimpy costume, revealing his young, hard body beneath. He was a nimble blond, and all he wore were two flaps of thin leather, front and back, about the size of candy wrappers.

"Thank you, sir," said the teen as he bent over with their drinks.

P'tit Garcon spoke smoothly. "The slave's name is Lucien, Mr. Davis. A wonderful teen from my own island of Jamaica, but so entirely different in coloring, as you can see."

Hank looked over the teen hungrily, the teen's firm ass near enough to touch. He didn't see any string holding the flaps around the teen's slim waist.

The black chuckled as he saw the man's puzzling look. "Lucien has the costume pinned on himself, my dear man. Look again."

The blond turned to show the man his belly. Sure enough, there were two pins driven through the floppy leather and pierced right into the teen's tender skin. The teen turned, showing Hank the pins jammed through his ass to hold the flap in back.

The teen turned to Hank again. He was honey-blond and beautiful, with the slim body of a swimmer, and with the straight, smooth lines. His fair hair was cut in a pageboy, falling thick about his finely shaped head.

His blue eyes were full of mischief.

"Do you like me?" the teen asked with a thrilling soprano voice. "Perhaps you will want to see me after the program?"

After the teen left, their black host went on, "Lucien is an angel, is he not? But the show begins. Relax and enjoy it!"

The lights lowered with the sound of soft, compulsive music. There were grunts of anticipation from the men as the arena became shrouded in total darkness. Richie snuggled up close to Hank and the man put his arm around his lover.

A brilliant shaft of ruby light cut the smoky haze. Bathed in its light was a marvelous young slave-teen, standing rigid in a dramatic pose, wearing karate pajamas, gleaming white. He looked like a wild lion cub, a thick mane of sandy hair swept back over his forehead to the base of his reed-thin

neck. His face was set and emotionless, but his wide mouth lifted in a cute demonic grin.

"The slave's name is Kevin," murmured P'tit Garcon. "He is very disciplined, as you shall see."

The teen posed as if lunging, every sinew in his body tight as a wire.

His bare toes clenched into the floor, his bright eyes narrow and his nostrils flaring.

Then, in an explosion of motion, Kevin executed a blurring series of karate moves, jabbing and kicking the air in rapid, precise bursts of controlled energy. As he did so, he whipped off his costume. The pajamas were flung to the audience as he stripped, till he posed, now totally nude, before the roomful of horny men.

There were sounds of approval from the audience, too.

P'tit Garcon leaned close to Hank. "A beautiful teen, is he not? I like his smooth translucent skin. It is like the sea around Jamaica, and the blue veins beneath are like ripples. See, how he remains soft, even though he is quite aroused."

Hank saw all right. Kevin's cock was dangling limp over his balls. A string of lube was leaking out of him, though, all the way to the stage between his feet.

On the near side of the stage appeared another teen, and his only garment was a red posing strap which bulged suggestively. He was a bit taller than Kevin, with red hair and deep green eyes. There were freckles splashed over his nose and his shoulders. Sparse red cockhair flamed out at the base of his firm belly. He stood easy, running his lusty eyes over the delicate body of the naked teen.

On the far side emerged a huge Samoan an enormous man who stood like a mountain, his thick arms crossed over his massive chest. He was clad in a

sarong about his tree-trunk waist, and his long dark hair hung down his back halfway to his ass. He too, glared at the nude slave.

All eyes were on the naked teen, and Kevin seemed to enjoy the attention.

He stretched, like a proud kitten, displaying himself, smooth as marble, to the eyes of every man in the club. His cock flopped about as he flowed into different positions. Hank liked that, the self-control required of the teen to keep his pisser limp. It made the teen seem so innocent, so vulnerable.

The Samoan clapped his hands once. The two slaves faced each other and bowed. The man clapped again and the teens began to fight. Rather, the red-haired teen began to fight. Kevin let him use his body as practice for violent karate moves, taking the punishment without flinching.

The taller slave shot out his foot and caught Kevin across the face.

Kevin's head was flicked back as a string of red blood trickled from the side of his feral mouth.

Alert as a cat, the red-haired teen grabbed the naked slave and flung him back over his shoulders. Kevin balled up and landed smoothly, springing again to his feet, ready for more.

Just as he stood, the other teen slammed his foot into Kevin's stomach.

There was a loud splat, but the teen took it without a whimper, even as his hair flew up, as his head jerked back with the blow. Another whack to his belly landed solid, then another and another. Kevin's dangling prick flopped around, flinging off filaments of slime as he was kicked in the gut.

Another few minutes of Kevin taking the punishment and the Samoan giant clapped again. The slaves stopped, bowed to each other, and stood there panting. The naked teen's skin had reddened up some where he'd taken the blows, and a film of sweat gleamed over his body.

The Samoan Samson stood with his fists to his hips. Kevin backed up against the man's huge body till his shoulder blades touched the man's belly.

Then he threaded his arms back through the man's and lifted himself up flat against him, wrapping his feet around the man's bulging calves. He spread himself open, his foot exposed, and his prick still soft as putty.

"He looks like he's on a cross or something," said Richie under his breath. He was envious of the teen, the way he was taking the punishment and getting all the fun up there on the stage with all the men looking on.

The Samoan gave a nod at the redhead. With the signal, the freckled teen lifted his leg high out beside him and sent it flying into the teen's raw groin. Again, the splat of contact.

Kevin grinned like an imp. His tendons stood out from his skinny neck, but his eyes blazed with more than pain. The teen clearly enjoyed what was being done to him. He arched his belly toward the other teen, ready for more.

Again the other toy kicked Kevin's floppy cock and balls. And again and again, sending his tough foot into the soft, firm pubes of the teen.

Kevin kept his chin up, even arching out, inviting more ball-punching abuse. The red-haired teen was sweaty now too, and the pouch cupping his own cock and balls was slimy wet.

His hair clung to his skull and plastered over his ivory pubes like licks of flame.

Then he switched feet. He began kicking up between Kevin's legs, right up into his asshole! His instep slammed into the teen's balls as his toes rammed right into his exposed asshole. And the tortured teen dropped his jaw in ecstasy, throbbing with the pain. He spread his legs, too, ready to take more, hungry for the burning pain, feeding on the ache of it, filling him with bliss!

The hard, swift kicks sent him into pain as Lucien's foot blurred in a series of toe-jabs up his asshole and against his tender balls.

The man supporting Kevin nodded again and the redhead stopped with a short bow.

"How would you like me to kick the shit outta you, like that?" asked Hank.

Richie shivered, his eyes glassy and wild with the idea. "I'd love it," he moaned.

Still holding the slave, the Samoan barked an order. The redhead bowed again quickly, then pushed his thumbs through the strings of his posing strap, stripping it down his legs and standing totally naked. His cinnamon prick snapped up to his belly, like a finger pointing straight up from his fiery patch of wet crotch hair.

Quickly, Kevin untwined his legs from the man's, and the huge Samoan bent over to grab his ankles. He lifted the teen's legs and exposed his asshole to the other teen. The redhead stepped forward and fucked his stiff prick right into the teen's ripe shitter!

The man barked again and the skinny fucker went tense with orgasm. He stepped back, drawing his red cock from Kevin's pucker, and blew his wad all over the teen's ass. Each time, he squirted, his stomach sucked in.

An enormous quantity of ball juice fountained out his cock, spraying over Kevin's buns and groin. Men applauded as they saw and heard the juicy spurts of cum hose out of the teen. The orgasming teen pushed out his hips and played his pissing cream all over Kevin, his piss-lips shooting a nice, strong stream.

Kevin didn't go erect, not with the thrill of pain, not even with the fuck. He fell to a lovely pose on the stage as the Samoan dropped him.

The other teen got down next to Kevin, back to back, and the entwined arms, locked at their elbows. The redhead went forward till his chin hit the floor, then spread and straightened out his lean legs. He pushed up, Kevin on his back, till he was on his tiptoes. On his back over the other teen, Kevin spread his legs also, raising them up and back till his knees locked into his exposed armpits.

For the first time, the giant Samoan showed emotion. He looked into the ass furrows of both young slaves and liked what he saw -- gleaming fuck-holes offered to his cock. The teens were exposing themselves to his brutal rape, like they were virgin teens offering their young assholes up to some huge God out of Melville's dark fantasies.

"Looks like a mammoth fucker, Richie," said Hank. "Look how that sarong is billowed out like a tent!"

P'tit Garcon chuckled smoothly. "The man is quite virile, yes. Perhaps fourteen inches, but he seems to keep enlarging!"

"Holy Mother," Richie gasped as his large brown eyes just got larger. He wrapped his lips around his straw and sucked the orange soda as he saw the man drop the sarong and stand powerfully naked.

The men in the place hooted and hollered as they saw the log of cock bounce hard from the base of the man's protruding belly. Even on a man so huge, the cock looked enormous, almost grotesque. Veins snaked around the engorged prickshaft and black hair sprouted out to almost half its length.

The man stepped between the teens' legs and ran the head of his cock up Kevin's belly. He stood there and swayed forward, letting his massive cock-knob nudge into the hollow of the teen's neck. He was showing everyone how far the organ would penetrate the teen when he fucked him full.

The Samoan ground the spongy head of his cock into the teen's spread ass-slit, seeking to break open the seal of the teen's tight asshole to sink inside. He twisted around and pressed down hard. The teen's assring fluttered open, the membranes stretched painfully wide, and allowed the cock to enter him.

The Samoan leered and grabbed Kevin's bony pelvis, rutting forward, inch after fat inch. It didn't look possible. It was like trying to cram a fist into a baby's mouth. But the teen took it, wriggling his toes and thrashing his head around over the other slave. He took, it till he was impaled to the last inch on the man's prick, fucked up to his throat.

The man grunted and began to fuck, fuck in and out, doubling back Kevin's assring as he did, showing his cock hard and shiny as he pulled out a foot or so between the teen's buns.

Then he let it all pull out. Hank saw Kevin's asshole squeeze down to a pin-point again, red and wet with blood around the edges. The man aimed his fucker lower, between the other slave's rosy buns, and sent his cock into him. The prick went in a easier, but still took some effort to shove his pelvis aside and mash up through his guts to get him fully penetrated. The redhead trembled with the fuck-thrust.

He had the weight of the other teen on him, and he was up on his toes to take the man's passionate fucking. He burned hot red down his arms and legs, and squirts of his jism hit the floor beneath him in long, strong streams.

The Samoan leaned back and popped his cock from the orgasming teen, lifted and sent it to the hilt within Kevin again. The smell of sperm hit his nostrils and he breathed in deep. He began to fuck in a frenzy, fucking his massive prick into the slave in savage heaves. The teens steadied themselves against his thrusts with disciplined effort.

The teen screamed as his soft cock and balls were mashed in the man's powerful grip. It was a scream of pain mixed with sheer pleasure. For long minutes the huge man sawed his fuckmeat through the sex-flesh. Both slaves did their best to make the fuck better for the man. The redhead bridged up on his toes and weaved his hips around and around with an effort that made him tremble, stirring the man's cock around in the teen above him. And Kevin worked over the guy's cock by rippling his guts around, hugging the length of the prick with his tortured assring.

The man's orgasm was clearly building. He was fucking harder and faster, grabbing Kevin's cock and balls more brutally and almost twisting them right off his groin.

Then his pagan face became strained into an animal mask, vicious and wild! He let out a yell, taking his hand from the teen.

Kevin's soft prick sprang hard in a second, sticking straight up. The next second, a squirting fountain of his spunk creamed up high, right over the Samoan's head. His jism pulsed out all the harder and longer from holding it in so painfully long, and fell back over the slaves, pelting their bare skin and running down in oozing streams. Rapid spurts of ball juice kept on shooting up as the man yelled again, this time to signal his own orgasm.

The Samoan giant rutted in to the hilt and released his flood of cum into the teen as the lights dimmed out.

CHAPTER SIX

There was plenty of fun to come. A large Mexican entered. He was dressed in peasant style, frayed cotton pants belted with a cord, a sombrero on his long hair, and a scrape draped over his heavy shoulders. He looked like he had been fed on a diet of tortillas and beer for many years.

"My name is Freddy Garcia, amigos!" he bellowed to the men. "It gives me great pleasure, and I hope you also, to bring you my young twins."

He spread his arms as Mexican music beat out, and the two Chicano teens appeared at his sides. They were dressed like their father, only without the serapes. Their chests were puffed out, their dark nipples pointed out dark brown on their smooth chests. Their thin trousers drooped low about their starved bellies, the tattered cloth flapping around their lean legs. The teens' sombreros were placed far back on their heads so their rich dark hair flowed freely down over their foreheads and swept back over their smooth cheeks to the napes of their necks.

They were rather tall, but so skinny that the light almost revealed their delicate bone structure through their brown skin. Pubic hair showed on their groins just over the dangling cords of their trousers. Their twin pricks pointed out through the flimsy cotton where moisture darkened the ragged material.

"My twins will now perform for you," said the father as he stepped back.

The sound of festival music lifted through the dusky room. The teens responded to its compulsive beat. With their hands clasped behind them, they began a foot-shuffling Mexican dance.

As they danced, their sombreros flopped around on their heads, finally dropping down over their bare backs as the strings pulled up around their throats. More exciting for the men was the way their frail cotton pants slipped slowly down their hips.

The teens did nothing to halt the drop of their pants. In fact, as the music continued, they stomped their feet with more energy, working to shed the garments for the men.

The shafts of their pricks were uncovered as the trousers just held the rosy cockheads concealed. Hank saw they were hard, just waiting to spring up when the teens dropped their pants and stripped naked.

As the music reached a peak, the young teens shook their hips in a kind of Mexican hula, and their pants fell loose around their bare feet. There was noisy approval from the audience as the nut-brown teens stood naked before them, grinning and whipping their hips out and around. The men liked the looks of those twin pricks waving free. The tan pissers were stiff, and their balls were bouncing.

The teens shuffled up to each other. They were a mirror image, their pricks aimed at each other's grinning face as their toes touched. Hands still clasped behind them, the twins arched back, their groins mashing together, their stiff pricks rubbing hard against each other.

They continued arching back till their sombreros swung loose from their necks and their only point of contact was their balls. The teens rose up on their toes, ecstatic with feeling their ball bags grinding painfully together. Their brown ball sacs were tightened up now, too, rubbing together in weaves and twists of their pelvic flesh. Their bodies were oiled with sex sweat now.

"Looks like they're gonna cum, Hank," said Richie, his puffy lips wrapped around the straw of his orange soda.

Hank looked down and saw the teen was boned up in his cut-offs. "They look mighty hot, all right," he said. "You like the action?"

"Sure do! Wish I could get in on it!"

P'tit Garcon smiled and put his hand on the teen's bare shoulder. "I think that can be arranged."

Richie grinned and sucked up his soda.

Meanwhile the teens on stage were getting ready to blow their manly cum all over themselves. Lube bubbled out from their waving cocks, oiling their grinding groins as they continued their ball-rub.

The music stopped, just as the teens were getting wild-eyed and their stretched tummies were breathing deep. They straightened up as their father spoke.

"Now my twins will show you a of the talent they developed down in the village, a talent they use for the hombres on those long hot Mexican nights."

The prick-stiff teens pulled out two low benches. Each slab of wood was run through with long fat dowels, each one bigger and fatter than the one before. There were six of them, their dark wood gleaming in the light as if they had been greased.

As the music began again, each teen threw off his sombrero to get totally naked. They hopped up to the table on their knees facing the men, their tight buns hovering above the first wooden dildo. It was about six inches long and as thick as a sausage. Grinning like monkeys, the teen screwed their asses around and sank their buns over the shafts of wood.

As soon as they hit bottom, the twins began to shimmy their hips up and down, fucking themselves over the slick sticks. They rested their hands on their knees and everyone could see their tough cocks bobbing around between their skinny legs. They could also see the dildos getting slick and warm from the ass-action the teens were giving them.

"They're gonna shoot for sure," sighed Richie. "Hell, I would!"

The teen was right. Each naked twin worked his ass, ramming the dildos deep up his tight guts. Their mouths dropped and their eyes became dreamy with passion. Then -- splat -- snappy shots of sweet fuck-cream shot like tracers from their rock-hard pissers. Just like twins, their cum juice erupted at the same second.

The teens were still pulsing out drops of jism when they scooted over to the next size, about two inches better all around. They weaved around, getting their assholes centered, then sat down over the pegs, blissful smiles on their brown faces as they felt their asses fill with rigid wood.

With the music's hard and fast beat, the father beamed down on his ass-fucking sons.

It wasn't long before they were sending their cockjuice out over the men again. Their spurts were higher and harder this time, and the first couple rows of mew were showered with their cum wads. They hollered their approval as the teens orgasmed, their tummies tight and rippling as they spunked out long, slimy strings.

The teens were hungry for the next size, and fucked themselves like crazy as the men began to clap. They spurted off better and higher still, then moved on to a more massive dildo. The wooden posts were soon pushing up to their lungs, and the teens were feeling pleasure right down to their squirming toes. Their ball bags were pulled up so tight, it didn't appear that they had any. But their pricks got stiffer and stiffer, the skin on them, stretched tight.

As the teens spurted out their orgasms over the last dildos, they hopped up and stood leaning against their daddy. He put his arms down around their shoulders, looking damn proud.

"You seen my twins take each peg, men, from six inches to a foot of hard wood up their hot teen-holes. Now my sons are gonna do something special.

They never tried this before, but they want to show you what they can take. That OK with you guys?"

The teens scampered to the sides of the stage and dragged out two low stools. On each one, hammered solid with a nail through the bottom, was a bowling pin. The teens licked their lips as they ran their brown fingers over the solid wood, greasing them up with their own natural moisture.

"They're gonna die doin' it, man!" hollered a man.

The naked young teens nodded, mirror images of each other, then looked up to their daddy, their cocks jutting up harder than ever. They got up onto their knees on the stools, this time one of them with his back to the audience. The teens wanted to give the men a good view of their ass-abuse, to let the men see from both angles the teens impale themselves on the bulging posts of wood.

The music rose again and the brown teens threw back their heads.

Together, they lowered their buns over the enormous bowling pins. Their skin glowed and their tummies were sucked in deep.

Then, slowly, and with an agony which only increased the thrill, the teens fucked themselves onto the hard logs. First the small ends, with their curved bulges, nudged their assholes. The solid bulk nosed into their shitters and sank up their bowels. Then inch after inch down the smooth wood they hunkered, getting speared deep and full.

"Look at his asshole, Hank," gasped Richie. "Shit, it's stretched so thin it looks like just a rubber band around that log!"

"Must hurt real good, too," said Hank, hoping that it did.

"But look at their cocks. They ain't softened up any!" Richie said.

"Think I might cum off just watching 'em take those fuckers up their butts, Hank. I ain't gonna touch myself, though."

The fucking teens were really working at it now. Each twin had to plow through his delicate pelvic girdle, spreading it wide, to take the dildo, then sank through mucus-wet guts up through his lean torso. Their sweat gleamed, then trickled down over their brown skin, down their ribbed chests and sunk-in tummies to their balls. They were going to get those bowling pins rammed up their asses or pass out trying.

Hank could see that the teens were feeling their ass rings tear as they slid down, swallowing more and more of the smooth wood up to their asses.

The teens were fucking themselves in places they'd never been fucked before, too far gone now to stop. They went up past their panting lungs, plunging by their pattering hearts. Small streams of bright-red blood began to trickle down around the fat bulge of the dildos. The teens eyes were clouded with the heavy ache of pain, their sensuous lips were lax and drooling.

After long minutes of weaving around and pushing down, both twins paused.

Their assholes were hugged tight around the thickest part of the bowling pins. They held themselves there, soaking in the unendurable agony, feeling their warm blood pulse from the rips they'd made in themselves.

Their father looked proudly down at his sons. He leaned down and said something to them, so quiet that the audience couldn't hear. The teens swiveled on the dildos, facing each other as they listened. Both teens nodded their heads.

Then Hank witnessed something he could hardly believe. The man stood between his twin sons and planted a heavy hand around each of their necks. He squeezed tight, rocking the teens around over the fat shafts of wood. The twins lifted their heads for him to close his fingers around their necks, closing off their throats, strangling them!

As he continued to throttle his sons, the man pushed down. With a brutal twist and plunge, he managed to fuck his sons completely down around the enormous bulk of the bowling pins! Loose as puppets and starry-eyed with gut punching pain, each teen strained until every rib showed clearly.

Their firm buns were flat against the bloody wood of the stools.

The terrible pain of total penetration flipped the teens into seizures of ecstasy. If it hadn't been for their father's strangling hands around their necks, they would have screamed for joy! Instead, silently, the teens

geysered into orgasm. It was like their brown pricks were spigots turned on high, like they were pissing out their jism. Hank could see the powerful spurts of cream stream up from each groin, spattering into the face of the other. He could hear the liquid hiss of each ejaculation.

Their arms jerked around as they blacked out with lack of air, but they kept showering each other with warm slime, spraying it out till they were dripping in young spunk.

As soon as the teens were pumped out, the man yanked them both off the giant dildos with his hand still wrapped around their throats. The massive ass-plugs were sucked from the teens with liquid pops.

Before the young teens could recover, their father forced them down on their hands and knees. He got behind them, and put both his hands up between their buns.

Almost unbelieving, Hank and the others watched as the man worked his cupped fingers into his sons' abused assholes. He twisted his wrists to corkscrew in until he'd worked his whole hands into the young men. And the teens strained and pushed back in their kneeling positions, bracing against their father's arms as he fist-fucked them up to his elbows.

"Oh, Hank! Oh! Can't hold my spunk, Hank!" whimpered Richie with a spray of orange soda from his lips. The teen gasped and orgasmed in his pants, losing control as he saw the Mexican guys take their daddy's arms up their twitching brown asses. A sticky stain spread out over his tattered cut-offs.

Hank could see the man's fists fuck up through his sons, stretching out their brown skin. Drool ran from each twin's open mouth, and his half-open eyes were unfocused with lusty pain. Each teen's dusky cock bobbed around between his legs, dripping with lube. Their knees were scraped bloody with the punching of their daddy's fist deep in their bellies.

The big Mexican lowered his head again and mumbled something to his sons.

Then he heaved his fists into the teens with a powerful jab. The twins dropped their heads with the pain of the gut-punch. Then they quivered down to their clenching toes.

A final, overwhelmingly sweet orgasm flooded out from their tawny cocks.

Jism spouted from their stiff pissers, more copious than ever, splashing right into their own lust-crazed faces.

Hank could hear the man's arm squishing around in their guts. They punched out string after string of spunk juice.

The lights lowered as the twins sputtered down.

CHAPTER SEVEN

In the darkness, the loudspeaker again: "Now, men of the Gulf Ball, for your final pleasure before your visits to our private rooms, here is Vong and his friend Lucien for a very special treat!"

Hank's heart skipped a beat with Vong's name. His son! His own flesh and blood!

The teen emerged from the shadows to stand in the glare of the lights.

And what a beauty the teen was, too. Lean and lovely, Vong was that superior blend of Asian grace enhanced with American energy. He was golden all over! His hair was shiny dark honey, sculpted about his fine head. He had a turned-up nose, but his lips were the full, sensual lips of an Asian. His eyes were like tiger's eyes, hazel flecked with gold.

His skin was golden-tan. The teen stood stark naked, not a stitch on his body.

"He's got a cock like yours, Hank," said Richie, admiring the meaty prick hanging half hard down from the teen's bare groin to midthigh. Vong wasn't hard yet, but he was leaking syrup in a continuous filament down to the floor between his big feet.

"He's a mighty lusty-looking teen, ain't he?" said Hank, yearning to touch the teen he'd sired in Saigon.

"Yeah," sighed Richie. "Even that chipped tooth makes him look cute, don't it?" As Vong stood with his lips parted, his teeth shone white and one in the front had a chip out of it.

"Vong is our star slave," said P'tit Garcon. "He came to us two years ago, and has been drawing crowds like this ever since. He gives me great pleasure."

Lucien, the other young teen, was the same teen who had waited on Hank and Richie earlier. He still had his groin and ass flaps pinned on through his flesh, but the floppy codpiece was lifted out a bit more by his prick boning up. He had a bunch of instruments laid out on a small table at his side. Hank figured that the finale with his son and the blond was going to be especially good. He was right.

"In many religions of the East," came the voice from the speaker, "the ability to endure pain is a sign of spiritual purity. You will witness now how Lucien can take instruments of torture and use them on Vong's willing young flesh. The idea is, the more pain that can be endured, the more spiritual the teen is."

There was a short pause as the Amerasian teen curled up the corners of his mouth in a secret smile.

"Vong here assures me that he is a very spiritual young teen!"

Hank's cockflesh was aching hard, and his balls felt like coconuts. He spread his legs wider as he heard the men around him again yelling and stomping their feet as the show began. He was looking forward to seeing his son endure the sexual torture.

Vong slowly turned his nude body toward the blond. He spread his arms slightly, his palms open, and arched his groin toward Lucien, letting the other teen knew it was time to begin the sweet torture. His honey-tan skin looked oiled, and his thick pisser pulsed with his heart.

He was totally vulnerable, open and ready for the hot sting of pain.

The blond picked up a long, shiny spear, showing it to the audience. It was a shaft of metal, pointed sharply. He walked up inside Vong, both teens just about five feet tall, and raised the pin-point to the Asian slave's chest, right at the edge of his tit-disc.

Without a sound, or any change in his dreamy expression, Vong took the skin-splitting pain as Lucien pierced the spear into his chest. The blond did it slow, with his tongue sticking out the side of his mouth, like he really

enjoyed feeling the other teen's flesh tearing through the vibrations of the spear. Lucien stabbed the needle under Vong's nipple, then pushed out through the skin on the other side. Drops of scarlet blood oozed out from the exit wound and dribbled down Vong's torso. --

Lucien stabbed through till Vong's tit was impaled halfway through the shaft. Then he picked up another spear and ran it through the teen's erected nipple. Vong betrayed no emotion other than blissful pleasure as the searing pain stabbed through his chest. A sensuous smile on his lips and a lift of his manly cock were signs that he was experiencing only the greatest pleasure from the pain.

The supple blond got another needle and put it to Vong's skinny stomach.

He sent the spear slicing into the golden teen, threading it over Vong's gaping bell button, then piercing through the skin on the other side before the point emerged again out of Vong's tender flesh. The needles gleamed, reflecting light.

Hank looked around at the crowd of men. They were looking at the punishment his son was taking with their tongues hanging out. Some had their cocks out too, stroking their pricks as they watched the teen get speared.

It was the most intense sex-torture scene that Hank had ever witnessed, and he'd seen quite a few whippings and such in his life. He figured this son of his was going to give him a great deal of pleasure in the future, and happy times for the teen as well, if he got off on pain.

Vong's golden cock was lifting to full arousal now, too, higher and longer and thicker with each beat of his heart. Like Hank, Hank's son had balls to be proud of too.

Vong did something unexpected. To keep himself from creaming off from the pain, he did something that really got the crowd in a frenzy. He took an object that looked like a swizzle stick. He held the rod in his brown fingers while he held his solid cock steady in his other hand. His dark golden hair

fell down about to his fine nose as he looked down at his groin. Vong put the pointed end, of the tool to his leaking pissshole.

Spreading his legs and jutting out his pelvis toward the audience, the teen ran the stick right up through his prick!

Hank saw the thickness of the thing spread out the teen's cock-tube as it tunneled through, right up into his groin! There was a bubble top to the stick, and the Asian teen pushed it into himself till he had the bubble top planted firmly into the tip of his ruddy-brown cock-crown. His tender foreskin lay wrinkled in a tight sheath behind the soft flare of his cock. Oily lube bubbled up around the shaft impaling him.

"God, that looks real wild, Hank!" sighed Richie. His own cock was stiff as a pin still in his slimy cut-offs.

Hank looked down at Richie. Then he looked back to the stage as the action heated up again.

Vong turned away from the audience, offering his backside for more punishment.

"What an ass!" Hank said under his breath. "The whole thing would fit the palm of my hand!"

Indeed, the teen had the high rounded ass of many Asians, mounded in a sweet curve at the base of his back. His buns were slit with a tight crack. There wasn't the hint of a wrinkle at the base of his buns, either

-- just solid, satiny-tan asscheeks, shining in the light.

The blond teen took another needle and put it to the side of Vong's ass.

He stabbed in as the golden teen held himself against the pain and pressure of the spear. It sliced into the teen's fleshy bun and ran through it. It passed over the teen's narrow asscrack, then impaled his other asscheek. When Lucien was through, Vong had his ass stabbed clear through with a long lance of pain.

Vong turned again to face the lithe blonde. He brought up his foot and cradled it in his hand, right up to his belly, where he held it out to Lucien while he balanced like a flamingo on his other foot.

The blond picked up a handful off shorter needles. They were like hat-pins, with a jeweled tip to each.

Vong held his foot out for Lucien's torture, spreading his toes. The blond teen put the point of one pin under Vong's foot and stabbed up through the webbing between his first two toes. He ran the sharp metal through until the head of it rested deep within the dewy valley between die toes.

Vong trembled, but kept his balance as he offered his foot for more torture. His cock was so hard that the capped head was tapping against the metal which shone at his belly button. Lucien went down the line of Vong's large foot, sinking shiny needles between each of the Asian's splayed toes.

When he'd stabbed between each toe, Vong gracefully lowered his foot to the stage and lifted the other, supple as a cheetah. He felt sweet, hot, stabbing pain through each squirming toe of his other foot. He trembled with a particularly pleasant stab.

Hank saw his son's stomach suck in and ripple. He knew the teen was orgasming. But with his cum-tube damned up, all his young spunk was held in a hot ball back up his belly. Hank figured the teen must feel an aching pain from that, and that knowledge made his own balls buzz.

Both his feet sparkling with painful needs, Vong stood again passive, waiting for more punishment.

He got it! Lucien rested the point of a spear to the teen's golden-smooth cheek. Vong's eyes fluttered as they looked into a dreamy distance. With a sure and steady shove, the blond slit the point into Vong's cheek, right through his tongue, and out the other side of his face!

Vong was trembling with excitement as he orgasmed again. And again, his boiling jism just balled up. The teen was about fainting from the agonizing bliss of holding it all back.

But there was more. Vong, looking like he was in a trance, with his stabbed tongue out licking at his swollen lips, lowered his hand between his legs. He cupped his plump balls in the palm of his hand. He held them up and away from his belly, offering them to Lucien and to the sharp shaft of steel the blond held in his fingers.

Lucien's blue eyes blazed with passion as he saw the other teen offer him his ball-sac. He lowered the point of the needle and centered it against the smooth skin of the teen's ball bag. With a hissing intake of breath, he ran it through.

The audience gasped and groaned as they saw Vong's balls both stabbed through with the steel blade.

There was a spattering of cum from the men in the room.

When Vong dropped his impaled balls, they could see the gleaming metal had skewered his balls right through the middle.

"God, that must feel bitchin'!" said Richie, going into another spontaneous orgasm at the sight of the lean Oriental run through with all that glorious pain. "And look at his cock, Hank! Shit, he must've cum with each stab of those needles, and he's got it all built up!"

Vong displayed his pain for all the men to see, all the needles catching the light as he turned for them. Trickles of bright-red blood ran down his skinny torso from his wounds. His prick was indeed hard as a rock, run through as it was with the stick stuck through the middle of it. Only a cummy lube was able to ooze around it as he endured the pulsing build-up of jism in his belly.

Vong's eyes were watery and hot, a dreamy look of sexual satisfaction on his puffy lips, spread enough for the men to see his stabbed tongue.

Lucien moved to Vong's side, putting his arm around Vong's waist. Hank noticed now that the blond's cock-flap was soaked through and dripping with jism. Shit, he thought, the scamp must have creamed off with the joy

of sticking pins into Vong's naked body, orgasming with those searing pain-jabs.

The blond slave put his free hand to Vong's vibrating cockflesh. He bent it out from the teen's smooth belly and wrapped his fingers around the hard column and stroked up and down, spreading juices along the bone-hard cockshaft. Vong trembled, sweating. Then, Lucien grasped the bubble-head of the swizzle sack and pulled it out from the Asian's slave's plugged pissshole.

Vong let out a groan and erupted jism! A long, high squirting fountain of young spunk juice pissed through Vong's golden cock and hosed over row upon row of men eager for it! A second spurt sprayed the audience, then a third.

Hank lost count as his son orgasmed out his pain and passion, getting showered in the pearly rain himself. He looked down to Richie beside him.

The teen had his head thrown back with his tongue out, catching the cum drops as they pelted down around them. They plopped on his tongue and streaked through his thick brown hair and over his cheeks.

The room smelled of young jizz, along with cum and sweat. Vong stood there center stage, his belly swayed out, pumping pulse after pulse of his sperm juice. And men were almost fighting for a chance to get hosed down in the tasty shower of his tangy young cum.

The lights dimmed as his spurts diminished. P'tit Garcon was again at their table as the house lights came on. "It is time now for the men to enjoy more private and personal passions," he said in his liquid voice.

"Hey, what about me?" piped in Richie. "I want some action, too." The teen was clearly aroused, his prick stiff in his wet pants and his cheeks flushed red.

The Jamaican raised his thin eyebrows and looked to Hank. "Sir, I want you to feel free to survey the rooms at your leisure. Go anywhere you like and see what appeals to your tastes." Then he turned to the teen.

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind if I took the teen off your hands and indulged in some sodomic pleasures with the teen. He is so fresh and new, and stirs my lust nicely."

Hank saw the question flicker in Richie's big brown eyes. "He wants to fuck your butt, lover teen," he explained.

The teen couldn't believe his luck. The sinuous black appealed to him, especially the cruel glint in the man's blackberry eyes. The teen was itchy for the man to go to work on his asshole.

"P'tit Garcon?" he asked hopefully.

"Yes, yes, my teen," said the man, sensing his need. "I will fuck that rosy asshole of yours, and please you in other ways as well, if you desire."

"Will you piss in me too, please?" asked the teen eagerly.

"Of course I will," chuckled the man. "You can drown in my piss if you wish!"

"Let's do it!" Richie almost shouted. "You don't mind if he fucks me, do you, Hank?"

Hank grinned broadly. "You two go ahead and have your fun. I'll be busy with the other slaves."

The Jamaican stood and Hank watched as the man and teen disappeared through down one of the hallways off the arena. Richie was leaning into the man and almost weaving around on his bare feet, drunk with desire.

P'tit Garcon, a head taller, had his hand snaking down inside the teen's shabby cut-offs and rubbing around his ass.

Then Hank set off to explore the exotic delights of the Gulf Ball on his own.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Hank was ready to fuck, had been ever since he had entered the Gulf Ball.

But he had discipline -- and curiosity. He knew he'd get all the cum squeezed out his balls and shot up some teen's squirming ass or down his throat before the night was over. He kept himself in check as he prowled the pleasure rooms of the club, his heavy cock swollen thick. He liked watching too, seeing hunky men play out their fantasies on the living flesh of supple and willing young men.

The first room had an interesting scene. There was a teen, naked, standing in the middle, waiting for the big man behind to prepare him for fucking. The teen had a faraway look in his eyes, and his fair hair was cut so short to his skull it looked to Hank like the teen was shaved bald.

His cock was shriveled up to his groin, just a limp pisser. He licked his lips nervously, not even looking at Hank as the man behind him came up close and put his arms around the teen's skinny chest.

"Real skinny like I like 'em. Bet your ass is tight, too, ain't it?"

"Yeah, guess it's pretty tight," the teen said in a high voice, he seemed too thin and frail, wrapped naked in the man's bear hug. He looked so naked, too, with the man fully clothed.

The man rubbed and twisted the teens tits, leaning down to nibble at the teen's neck.

"Hey, teen," he said, "don't you get excited by a man loving you up and yanking your titties around? You ain't even pulling a boner."

The teen just gave a shrug of his shoulders. "I only bone up when I'm fucked, mister."

"Well, well, ain't that nice. 'Cause that's exactly what I'm gonna do.

Gonna get us ready, though, so hold your juices for a minute and just be a good slave."

Hank watched as the man stripped. He was hairy as a bear, solid and big.

Hank saw a tattoo beneath the wiry fur on the man's thick bicep. It was the Marine insignia. When he looked down to the man's groin, he saw what the teen was waiting for -- a log of cock, about as thick as a bottle and as long as the teen's arm. The prick was coming up strong, too, till it stood hard at a sharp angle from the man's belly.

The naked slave stood patiently. He didn't even look around to see the weapon about to split his baby buns and impale him far up his ass.

Stripped, the man pulled a plastic bucket over beside the teen's feet.

"Got to prepare yourass for a special fuckin', teen. I got a rather special treat for ya," he said.

He lifted an ice cube from the bucket.

"Grab your ankles, slave," he ordered. The teen obeyed without hesitation. The Marine ran his hand over the teen's pert buns for a second. The melting ice dripped over his skin and down his warm asscleft.

Steam rose from his ass as the cold hit. The man pushed the cube against the teen's ass dimple and shoved it in. The teen didn't make a move as the man popped the ice through his rubbery asslips right up his guts.

He took another cube and worked it into the teen. Then a third. Hank saw the teen shiver, goose bumps erecting down his lean arms and over his freckled shoulders. He wondered if the teen was getting stiff.

A fourth ice cube was shoved up the teen's ass, then a fifth. The man went on packing the teen's guts, till he felt one push back. He had the teen stuffed as full as he could get him. He wiped his hand down the teen's flank, then bent his fucker down and worked the bulbous head of it between the teen's firm buns.

As Hank watched, the thick cockshaft was worked up the teen's ass, inch after thick inch burrowed into the teen already crammed full of ice! And the teen didn't even wince. Instead, Hank saw quick spurts of watery jism splatter over the floor between the teen's feet.

The Marine grabbed the orgasming teen's pelvic wings and held on tight as he began to fuck the frozen shit out of the teen. His face held a grimace of lust, feeling the push and pull of his heavy fuckmeat through the teens nipping ass pucker.

Many minutes passed, with grunts and squishy ass noises filling the room.

More steam rose from the teen's ass as the man stroked out to the flare of his cockhead. Then he fucked in hard, slamming his hairy groin against the clenched asscheeks.

Hank could see the Marine's meaty buns fisting with each surge of cum missiled up into the teen's icy ass. He saw the teen was cuming again, too, spilling his spunk all over his curling toes.

As the man prepared the teen for more sex fun, Hank sauntered out and headed down the hall.

He got a whiff of the next room before he entered it. It was a familiar odor from his days in Nam, the scent of opium. Hazy blue fumes drifted from behind the beaded curtain. It was a strange sight that greeted dm as he parted the curtain and stepped inside.

There was a group of men, most of them Chinese, sitting on a low bench which ran around three walls of the room. They had the vacant eyes of opium dreamers. Each man had a pile of three or so one-pound lead weights beside him on the bench. They also had their cocks out and most were stroking their hard meat slowly as their dilated eyes gazed at the center of the room.

The object of their lust was the red-haired slave who had performed with Kevin in the karate act earlier. The teen was still bare-ass naked, getting the

opium smokers worked up to a slow, dreamy orgasm by enduring wonderful, ever-growing pain for them.

The teen was planted down over a huge dildo high off the floor. It was run up his narrow ass, and the teen looked like he was sitting on a flaring fence-post, with his toes dangling a couple feet off the floor.

It was tapered, the peak of it no larger than a healthy man's cockhead.

But from there it flared out like a cone. At the base it was as wide as a soup bowl. His arms were tied behind him at the elbows, so tight that his shoulder blades were touching. His ankles were tied tightly together, too, and a shallow basket swung from the rope that bound his feet.

The teen was slumped over, his angelic face was lower and dripping with his jism. His crimson lips were drooling with his spit and ball juice, and a long string of cummy snot dangled from his freckled nose.

Hank saw that the basket hanging from the young slave's feet had about five weights in it. He figured that the teen came off with each one adding to his agony. The heavier the basket pulling on his feet, the more his ass sunk down over the sharp cone running up through his ass.

Hank moved around and looked at the teen's groin. It was even more painful that he thought! There apparently was a small loop at the tip of the dildo up his ass. There was a string running from it to another loop, this one bound tight around the redhead's egg sac. With each slip of his ass down the cone, the slave's balls were yanked tighter and crammed in farther under his asscrack. His ass packed more and more, and his balls getting stretched and smashed, each additional weight just made the pain more delightfully severe.

But Hank saw that the teen's prick was up hard as a stick, glistening and pulsing with the pain. His cockhair was flaming red, plastered with jism against his pale skin. Cum streaked down his legs to drip off his toes as he fought to remain conscious, to keep the punishment coming.

One of the men rose, taking one of the pound weights, and dropped it in the basket.

The teen's head whipped back with the agony, and he let out a high scream of painful bliss as his gut sucked in deep. He quivered and shook as his assring spread wider and his balls were crammed harder up his asscrack.

His crimson pisser shot off his jism in fine sharp licks.

For the men, the drug made everything happen slow and sexy. None of them orgasmed as the teen's tangy jism scented the smoky air. But they felt a wonderful tingle run up from their balls from watching the teens terrible pain and his spunk fountain out. They just fisted their pricks slowly, floating on passion, as the teen suffered sweet pangs of pain.

Long opium-hazy minutes passed. The pipe was passed around and the teen sat passive over the post, his skin red-hot and the jism dripping slower as it congealed down his long, lean legs.

Another man stood, taking a weight in his hands. He looked up to the teen's green eyes as he stood before him. He lifted the pound of pain to the red-haired teen's lips and the young teen kissed it. He even ran his tongue along the object that was going to send scaring pain through his balls and into his bowels.

The man took the spit-slick weight and dropped in the basket swinging from the teen's feet.

Another scream of agony filled the room. Hank saw the dildo stab up into the teen another half inch, spreading his asshole to new limits of pain.

He saw the teen's balls bunched up so tight in their thin-skinned sacs that they looked like they were going to pop. He figured it was torture for the teen -- sweet, mind-blasting torture.

The teen spasmed as he shot up another series of tasty cum jets. The room reeked of sperm and opium.

Hank waited around as another five or six pounds were dropped in the basket. He could see the teen's asshole was tearing some, and his ball bag stretched so tight the skin of it looked translucent. His balls were going to get yanked up into his already packed ass if they kept this up, he thought.

But the teen's scarlet cock shot up nice strings of jism with each flash of agony up his ass and through his balls. Hank figured it went on for hours more, perhaps all night, till all the men had jerked off and the teen was impaled to the base of the dildo, his balls ripped up into his ass. He wondered if the teen could live through that. He left the room and went on.

This time, it was laughter that attracted the attention to the next room.

Rounding the door, he saw a rather fat man sitting down on his bare ass on a small bed. His flabby legs were spread out in front of him and his arms were spread out behind, holding him up. His thick, fat cock was sticking straight out from a heavy patch of hair around his lower belly.

The laughter came from the two Chicano teens who'd performed with their daddy on stage. They were still naked as brown eggs as they hunkered down over the man's big stinky feet. The guy had his toes aimed straight up, and the tan teens were sitting on them, still grinning like they were on a carnival ride, their stiff pricks smack against their tummies. The man's feet were ripe, too, toe-jam and sweat cooking a manly, scent off them.

Each slave squirmed his ass around over the man's big toe, working it up his juicy asshole. Then, with fruity giggles, they twisted around and just kept their shitters expanding to take more sweaty toes up into their guts. Hank watched as the man just stared from one teen to the other.

With all the guy's toes up into their asses, the teens leaned back and sent their jism up in squirting shots. Their spunk flew up in identical spurts from their pissers, right up over their heads. The teens paused just a moment for their orgasms to peak out, then went to work to take all the man's big smelly feet up inside them.

Unbelievably, Hank saw the teens worm themselves around the feet till they filled up their guts. He saw their buns drop down over the man's ankles, his

feet totally within the slick asses of the Chicano teens.

The pudgy man looked up to Hank and winked. "Watch me give the teens a thrill when I wiggle my toes," he leered.

Hank saw each teen's belly poke out with the shape of the man's toes, and they kind of jerked around with the wiggling. Then, exploding with giggles, the twins shot off nice high jets of cum right in front of their happy faces.

Their asses fully wrapped around the man's feet, the teens fell forward belly-down over his hairy legs.

Even from where flank stood, he could smell the man -- that cummy, pissy, old-jock smell of a man who liked his own dirt. The masculine odor seemed to be an aphrodisiac for the teens, though. They had their tongues out and lapping away at the man's fat cock and balls like they were a Christmas treat. The man sighed and leaned back, letting the teens feast on his stinky groin.

The teens turned their heads and opened their slick mouths, running their lips over both sides of the man's fat cock. They met at the cheesy prick-crown and swirled their faces around, smearing their cheeks with smegma and stale cum wads. They went after his furry balls, each teen taking one in his mouth and tonguing around, soaking them in their warm spit.

As the teens licked cock and balls, flavored with piss, they jammed their asses faster and faster over the man's feet. They felt their assholes stretched down around the man's sweaty heel as they shagged like they were riding wild ponies. They went to running their mouths up and down his unwashed cock, too, and the man was in heaven, rocking his head back and forth on his thick neck.

The teens tried to get their lips to meet each other's as they wrapped them around the man's swollen cockshaft, but they couldn't quite make it.

They ran their mouths over the solid flesh with juicy slurps, fucking themselves as they bounced their hips in a frenzy.

Finally, the man gave them his cum-load. It shot right up between their lips, vertical, and arched back to shower both their heads. One after the other, the teens plopped their mouths over the spurting cock-knob and fought to suck out the man's river of cum. At the same time, their cocks pumped out spurts of jism jets.

Hank left the scene and moved on. The hours were passing with plenty to occupy him, but Hank was eager to find his son. He knew that Richie was probably having plenty of fun with P'tit Garcon and didn't worry about that teen, figuring he was getting his ass fucked by an expert.

Hank opened a door and allowed his eyes to adjust. The room was bathed in a dim red glow, and the man made out a bed in the corner. As he approached it, he saw a young man sprawled out on his belly and seemingly asleep over the blood-red bedspread. His creamy body was naked.

Hank saw it was Lucien, the adorable blond slave who had helped his son torture himself by driving thin spikes through him. The teen was so lovely, the man just stared down for a moment. His ass-flap had been stripped off, leaving his peachy buns exposed. The teen had one leg bent at the knee, his instep hooked carelessly over the inside of his other knee. His long, wheat-blond hair fell over his neck and cheeks as he cradled his head in his arms.

Hank sat beside the teen and saw that he'd been well fucked. The insides of his ass were about rubbed raw from many cocks fucking between them.

And Lucien's ruby asshole was smarting and oozing with cum. Hank reached down and stroked the teen's back, down his spine, and over the perfect curve of the teen's ass. Then down his willowy legs, all the way to his warm feet.

The teen stretched like a cat at the man's erotic caress. He lifted his hair off his face and turned, his eyelids droopy with sleep and sex. His cheeks were flushed and his red lips puffy.

"You can fuck my ass if you wanna, mister," he said in his high voice, his words slurring sweetly. "I can use another good fucking, get a load of jism worked into my ass and out my cock."

Hank noticed that the bedding was sopping wet under the teen. The teen must have been fucked twenty times from the wear and tear on his ass, and it looked like he'd spilled about that many loads himself into the mattress under his stomach.

"I'm ready to fuck, angel," said Hank softly. "Hell, I got a hard-on that could drill through a safe door. But I don't want to cum off yet, buddy.

That all right with you?"

Hank knew the slaves were to be used however he wished. He didn't have to worry about what the teen wanted. But he felt tender at the moment. He wrapped his fingers around the teen's arm. He was excited by the skin sheathing the teen's naked body. He lifted the teen, and Lucien let him turn him limply, his arms falling loose to his sides as he was lay on his back.

"Ha! Nobody even bothered stripping this off you, slave," he said.

It was true. The teen still had the thin leather cock-flap stuck into his pubes, the needle still shoved deep into his groin, holding it there.

Hank grabbed the needle and slipped it out of the teen. The slimy leather fell free and the young teen lay passive, absolutely nude to the man's lusty gaze. His cock was wet, and so was his stomach. The bed was soaked with his jism. He looked soft and jism-rich. Hank felt a gush of spit fill his mouth and a pump of lube from his cock.

The teen's mussed blond head framed his face as he looked up innocently to the man. "You gonna fuck me?" asked the teen in a hopeful voice.

Hank didn't answer. He wanted to fuck the teen, sure, but he wanted to save his juice for his own son, so excited was he by Vong's passion for pain.

Instead of a brutal fuck, he fondled the blond slave. For long, sweet minutes, Hank ran his large, hairy hands over the teen's slick chest and belly. He caressed the teen's slimy groin. He found not the slightest evidence of hair around the teen's stiff prick, the pisser as big as his thumb. Lucien's ball sac was soft as he rolled the balls around in his fingers.

Hank took hold of the teen's cock in his fingers and ran up and down the short stalk, spreading the loose outer skin over the solid inner core.

Oily drops of lube pearly out the bullet crown, then fell in glistening strings to Lucien's rising and falling stomach.

The teen moaned lustily and wormed around as the man masturbated him gently, knowingly. He spread his legs and Hank took the hint. The man put his hand between the teen's warm thighs and searched for the teen's cummy asshole. His probing fingers found the pulsing ass dimple and he slipped two fingers up the teen's slick asshole.

"Mmmmm, makes me feel warm all over," groaned Lucien. "Do it more, please, mister. Mess around up my shitter and rub off my ass ball up there."

Hank wanted to get pleasure by giving it. He fell to his side beside Lucien, still stroking the teen's ass walls. He worked ma third finger.

The young blond turned his face toward him, an abandoned smile of lust on his open lips.

"Kiss me, please," pleaded the teen.

Hank leaned over and rubbed his lips over the teens. They were as juicy and warm as the rest of him, puckering softly to meet his caress. Their tongues touched and it felt like a spark arched between them. It was one of the most delightfully erotic experiences of the man's life, and brought out something wonderfully passionate in his guts. He fought to keep from cumming off in his pants as he diddled the spermy teen. He reached for the slave's tits and ground them around in his fingers.

It was special for Lucien, too. Men had been lined up, pounding his ass and shooting him full of cum all night. And now this -- a strongly sexy man, massaging his prostate and tweaking his nipples with knowing fingers and filling his mouth with deep kisses! The teen was in heaven, his fingers and toes clenching into the bedding, his lean hips writhing around, and a deep, lusty purr vibrating in his throat.

Hank could feel the teen's pulse in the depths of his cummy ass. He rubbed over the teen's swelling passion gland and felt nips of the teen's asshole around his third knuckles. The teen's hard-on was twanging like an electric wire in a windstorm, leaking lube in a puddle over his stomach. His tongue ran around Lucien's, up over the rippy roof of his mouth, then down between his spit-filled cheek and teeth. The teen tasted sweet and fresh, spicy and rich!

Lucien began bucking his hips and humming stronger.

Hank rammed a fourth finger into the teen, fucking in and out of the teen faster, twisting his till they were red and raw.

The teen bridged up and orgasmed like a flower blossoming open. He grew hot beneath the man's embrace, fluttered, then popped.

Hank lifted his lips from the teens. A long string of spit united them.

He watched as the young blond's mouth opened wide with his climax.

Lucien turned his head as he spurted jism all over himself, biting into the sheets like an angry puppy. His fingers and toes ripped at the bedding. And slick shots of sweet jism strung over his chest and into his shiny blond hair.

"That was fine, so fine, mister! But you didn't get off! You should fuck me now, or let me suck you off."

Again Hank was silent, speechless with how satisfying it had been to excite the blond to orgasm. He raised his hand to Lucien's cheek and stroked. The same fingers that had been up the teen's cummy ass left a trail of glistening assjuices over the teen's red cheek.

Lucien turned to the man's touch and licked at Hank's mucus-covered fingers. The teens tongue felt like a kitten's on his filthy hand.

Hank rose and smiled, assuring the teen that it was all right. "You just sleep now, angel. I have a feeling that we'll meet again, and I think you'll need your rest."

The teen was asleep by the time Hank was out the door.

CHAPTER NINE

Hank wanted to find Vong. He wasn't sure how he would handle the situation, but he wanted badly to find his son, wanted to have sex with him! He distantly wondered how Richie and P'tit Garcon were doing as he tried the next door.

There was a biker, burly and bearded, clad in leather emblazoned with his club insignia, a black leather bag at his booted feet and standing beside a table. On the table, flat on his back with his spiny legs drawn up, was Kevin, naked. The teen, still looking feral, was letting the man play doctor with him.

The biker looked up as Hank entered. "Ah, someone to assist me in the examination!"

"At your service," said Hank. He thought that seeing the rough biker in the role of doctor was a out of the ordinary, but he was willing to play along and join in the fun the teen was having.

"I was about to take the teen's temperature," said the biker. He reached to his bag and brought out a thermometer. It wasn't a standard rectal instrument though. It was big and about as thick as a roll of quarters.

Kevin caught a glimpse of the thing as the man put it between his legs.

"Be sure to put it in deep, doc. I'm especially hot way up inside," he said with an impish grin.

Hank watched the glassy rounded end pierce the teen's asslips. It spread the membranes open as it journeyed into the teen, smooth as a knife through butter.

The bearded man pushed the glassy dildo half into the teen's smarting asshole, then stopped. "You want it, teen -- you work it up yourself," he said.

The men kept their eyes on the teen's dewy ass dimple, the thermometer sticking out like a pole between his buns. They saw the teen squirm, and then saw his asslips begin to pucker and pulse, sucking the thing right up his gut.

"Hey, real fruity!" said the teen. "I can feel my asshole squeezing it into my ass! Some suction, huh?" His eyes were dancing, but he frowned again with the effort to take the whole thing without touching it.

His ruby-red asshole was working like a hose on a vacuum, gripping with his moist membranes around the shaft of the instrument, then sucking it in.

Hank stepped around to look over the teen. Kevin's prick was soft, too, showing the same control he did in his karate act. It was drooling lube, though, and the teen was aroused with the thrills of getting something sucked up his ass-cunt. There were plenty of cum-tracks over his ribcage and down his belly to show he'd spunked out several ball-loads already.

"Think I got it all," panted the teen, looking pleased with himself.

Both big men leaned around the naked teen and looked in his ass. "Hot damn!" said the biker. "You swallowed it all up your ass, teen! Hell, I can't even see the end of it."

"Feels good, doctor," piped the teen. Then he hesitated.

Hank could see the teen's stomach was spasming.

"Can I cum off?"

The biker reached for a specimen jar. "We need a sperm sample from you, teen," he said. He slid the lip of the jar under Kevin's limp prick. He put his other hand on the teen's belly, covering it, too feel his stomach quiver with his climax.

Without erecting, without touching himself, the teen let himself orgasm.

Creamy gushes of spunk flooded out the tip of his pisser and ran in oily streams to the base of the beaker. It looked like a healthy load for teen,

thought Hank. He watched as the biker let it fill, then lifted the cum-froth to his nose and sniffed.

"Mmmmm, smells like a forest after a rain, mixed with smoke," he grinned through his whiskers. "I think a further exam is needed, however."

The biker put his lips to the jar and tilted it back. The slimy juice slid down the glass and into his mouth.

"Yup." He grinned, smacking his lips, "that's the right stuff, all right -- pure, prime ball-syrup. Best stuff made!" He swirled it around in his cheeks like he was tasting wine, then swallowed it down. He held out the glass to Hank. "Try some?"

Hank took the jar. As the teen lay bareass sassy between them, they drank down the juices he had cooked up in his balls.

His eyes were wide. He was hoping they like the taste of him enough to fool around more.

The biker put the glass down and snapped a rubber glove over his hand.

His fingers spread Kevin's asshole enough for him to grab at the thermometer and yank it out. Then he put his fingers back to the teen's raw shitter and began to probe around inside the teen's ass.

Kevin sighed and spread his legs farther, lifting up his knees, making it easier for the man to frig his asspucker.

"Here, you put this on and join me," said the biker, handing Hank another rubber glove.

Hank slipped it on and groped into the teen right alongside the other man's buried fingers.

As the young teen writhed around with the pain and pleasure, bath men went to fingerfucking his ass. Each had two fingers in him, but they slipped in three, seeing that his assring had enough elasticity to take it.

The teen felt clean inside. "Ain't he been fucked?" Hank asked.

"Sure has, fucked plenty," said the biker, his forehead beaded with sweat as he ground in a fourth finger. "Gave him an enema, though. Flushed all the spunk out of his ass -- and some out of his prick, too!"

They each had four fingers busy up the teen's fuck-hole now, and Kevin was twisting around in agony over the table.

"You want the ultimate?" asked the bearded man. "You want the complete operation tonight?"

"No! Please, no!" wailed the teen. "I can't take a double fist-fucking!

You'll kill me! Please!"

The biker spoke in a low, even voice. "I'm afraid your condition calls for it, slave. We'll have to perform a total rectal examination."

With that, the biker grabbed one of Kevin's ankles and pulled it up and out. Hank did the same with the other, spreading the teen's legs open till they almost snapped out of their sockets. Then they cupped their thumbs into their palms and crammed their hands up Kevin's ass.

"Yeeeeeeoooowwww!" screamed the teen. He felt the red haze of pain flood over him, pounding from his balls up to his brain. Everything was bathed in wonderful pain, his eyes, his belly, and especially his packed ass! He lost control over his cock and boned up stiff.

The men began to fist-fuck, alternating strokes up the teen, punching in his guts up to their elbows with brutal jabs. Hank liked the way he could see the shape of his knuckles pushing out over Kevin's belly as he rammed his fist through the teen.

The biker was just as busy, enjoying it almost as much as the teen was.

He held the teen down with one hand as he fucked the teen's ass with the other. There was a mouth-watering sound of Kevin's guts getting smashed as the men pounded their fists through the teens ripped asshole.

Hank knew they were hurting the teen. He had never seen a man take two fists up his ass, much less a slave like Kevin here. But he saw the teen was wincing not only with agony, but with pleasure. Kevin was getting great thrills from the torture.

Besides, both men get a special pleasure out of punishing the teen, and the biker was near spilling his spunk in his leather pants just from feeling the teen's mushy guts get a punching.

A scream was ripped from the teen. His eyes went unfocused and wild. He looked like he was choking on the pain. Then he gasped. Once, twice, then in a series of stomach-jumping spasms, Kevin choked, slobbering spit down his smooth cheeks.

Then his stiff prick punched through with wildly flying strings of jism.

On and on he orgasmed, erupting out a line of fuck-cream with each slam of a fist up to his neck.

"Keep fistin' him, buddy," grunted the biker as he slid his own wet hand from Kevin's abused shitter. He opened his leather chinos and yanked out his angry prick. He worked quickly, getting around to Kevin's head and grabbing his waving feet.

He pulled the teen's skinny legs back over his head and turned his feet till his soles were rubbing together. Then, as Hank continued sliding his arm through the teen's assring, the biker pushed his cock between the sweaty soles of the teen's warm feet.

Kevin just kept on spurting off as he felt his toes tickled with the man's sliding cockflesh. That, along with Hank's heaving fist up his stomach, pushing straight down through the teen's upraised buns. Jism spilled down the teen's ribcage and over his panting belly.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fist my ass and fuck my feet!" he babbled as he was pushed around over the cum-slick table.

Hank wanted to feel the teen's ass ring grab his arm better. He reached down with his free hand and grabbed Kevin's balls. He tightened his fist around them and gave them a savage yank. That did it. With a scream, Kevin tightened down on the man's arm, as his balls were about torn off him.

"Oh, man. Love to fuck feet like this, soft and steamy!" gasped the biker, straining back and fucking his swollen prick between the tightly held the feet of the teen. The teen's feet were slippery with sweat and lube, and soft as his ass.

And Kevin knew how to use his toes along the man's fuck flesh to bring him off good. He clenched his toes, raking along the solid fuck flesh, feeling it harden up and grow fatter.

"Cummin' man, cummin' over toes!" bellowed the biker. He rutted between the teen's soles and jammed Kevin's feet tight around his cock. Then his cum-hole gaped open wide and spat out solid ropes of cum.

Hank slammed his fist hard into the teen as the man's cum draped over him, sending the teen into black-out orgasm over the table.

CHAPTER TEN

Hank was fighting sleep, but his lust was at a fever pitch, driving him.

He wanted to find Vong, find him quick and fuck his long-building cum into the teen.

When he opened the next door, he was met with a pitch blackness. But he sensed something, much as he used to sense vibrations in the midnight jungles of Vietnam. His training came back, of how he once was alert to danger from the smallest sound.

A light flicked on, soft and golden. In its halo was Vong, sprawled sensuously over a bed, one lean arm raised to the chain of the lamp. The first thing Hank noticed was the smooth hollow of the teen's armpit. It was without a hair, glistening with a film of sweat. The teen's eyes were on his, golden-hazel, exotic. He had one leg dangling off the bed, the other bent up at the knee. The teen displayed himself totally with his casual pose. He was nude, from his honey brown hair to his large toes.

The man could see his son's juicy asshole pucker out below his sperm-filled balls and rising cock.

"I have been waiting for you," the teen said simply.

"And I've been looking for you, Vong," said Hank. He was damp with sweat, his balls shifting around in his pants. He felt he was strangling in his clothes.

As though sensing this, Vong said: "There is a place for your clothes on the chair." He motioned to the chair with his large hand. The man followed the movement and noticed, too, that there were whips and chains, along with various other instruments of torture against the wall.

Hank quickly shed his clothes, his eyes on the teen the whole time. Vong didn't move, but his lean cock jerked up hard to his skinny belly, the ruddy prickhead tapping at his belly button as he watched Hank's massive fucker

flop out and take on starch. The teen licked his lips as he saw the man's fat balls, bristling with kinky blond hair.

"Come to me," said the teen.

Hank moved as though in a trance.

"You are a very beautiful teen," Hank said softly. "I like the way you took the pain on the stage." As he spoke, he scanned the teen's body.

Only pin-pricks showed where the shafts of steel had impaled the teen earlier.

Vong's expression didn't change. "You will enjoy giving me pain, too, I think. I enjoy receiving it. And you will fuck me, and I will work the cum out of your balls and into my ass. You will become part of me, then."

Hank was fascinated by this erotic teen who was his son.

"I will fuck you, Vong," he said. "And I will hurt you."

The teen's eyes widened and his nostrils flared. His sexy eyes sparkled with golden fire and his cock throbbed.

"Do what you please with me, master," said the teen.

As he spoke, the naked teen raised both knees and spread his legs wide.

He put his hand under his thigh and put his fingers to his asshole. He ran his delicate fingertips around the delicious dimple, spreading his ass-moisture around over his smooth ass. His toes bit into the sheet and he radiated sexual energy, his large golden eyes begging the man to penetrate him, fuck him, and to hurt him!

"There is something different about you," said the teen as he worked a finger into his own ass, stirring around inside himself. "I feel we have a destiny."

Hank stood so close to the teen that he could feel waves of heat cooking off him. Vong seemed to possess a power.

"Put your hand on my heart," said the teen.

Hank lowered his hand and placed it over Vong's oily ribcage. It looked so large and hairy, his fingers spreading to cover the teen's thin chest.

Vong felt like hot wax, and there was a strange heat, a vibrating warmth.

He realized with a thrill that he was touching his own son! Vong's cock was almost purple, the spongy prickhead shining wet. He felt the man's hand cover him and he almost orgasmed at the touch! Yes, this man was different. His passion was enhanced by something he didn't understand in this big blond man. His asshole was nippling hungrily around the finger he was working around up himself and he stopped, pulling out. His eyes were on Hank's cock, then they went down to his own. But the teen saw that they were of the same prick.

In a flash, which shuddered through him, the teen knew, unspoken, that this man's cum had spawned him.

Hank saw the teen's eyes shine with excitement. "Yes, Vong. I am your father." He almost choked.

The only contact between them was Hank's warm hand on the teen's breast.

But that and the words were enough. Gazing deep into the man's blue eyes, Vong orgasmed.

Without more than a quiver, the teen's cock recoiled with blasting jolts of jism. Strings of it flew up over his golden hair, over his dreamy eyes and across his sensuous lips. Spunk dropped down from his gleaming shoulders and over his chest. It spattered Hank's hand that still lay over his pounding heart.

"I want my dad to fuck me now." Vong spoke softly, but there was a pleading in his eyes, a desperate need to have his father's cock wedged up

his ass, moving with him. A hunger for his daddy's fuck-juice filled with the teen. He needed his daddy's cock inside him to complete some mysterious cycle.

Hank got between the spermy teen's legs. His balls were hurting, and his cockflesh was longer and thicker and harder than he'd ever felt in his life. He moved forward, his arms and legs entwining with the slim limbs of his son, his fucker aimed at the budding asshole between his son's buns.

The moist and smooth ass dimple opened to draw him in, as though by some magnetic force, sucking on his piss lips, the hot assring grabbing at his rubbing cock-knob, puffing him in deep.

Sinking his cock into Vong's willing body was different than any fuck the man could remember. He had fucked virgin teens and thrilled at their screams, and at the blood of their first penetration. He'd fucked hustlers whose assholes were loose from all the meat they'd had crammed up them.

But Vong was different than either of these. He took Hank's prick easily, but with a rippling grip around his cock, a moist lava-hot fisting that had him holding his breath with the intensity of it all. The sensation made him feel like he was filled with a vast pool of churning cum, aching for release in an orgasm that would go on for hours.

Vong felt equally passionate, wanting to feel his father's cock fuck into his ass-channel totally, to stroke his ass-walls, and to fill him with rivers of cum. He reached around his daddy's ass and pulled the man into him, wanting to take it all and feel it deep.

"So good, soooo goooooood," groaned the man. He fucked into his son to the limit, until his cockhair mashed over the satin skin of his son's balls.

They held the pose, only their bellies rising and falling as father and son perched on the brink of ecstasy. One was large, hairy and muscular with a powerful cock fully speared into flesh.

"You suffer, Father. You must not fight it. Release your passion into me," said the teen. "Then fuck me very hard."

Hank heard his son's smooth voice through a buzz of pounding blood in his ears. He knew the teen was right. Holding back his expanding passion was beginning to hurt. Hurt good, too. But he needed release, now!

Man and teen -- father and son -- sucked in their guts together. They held their air as their cocks pulsed with orgasmic contractions. Then, together, Hank and Vong burst with orgasm! A whirlwind of emotions smashed through Hank's brain as he felt his balls punch hot cum through his cock. Each surge of cum was better than the one before. On and on he came, feeling more powerful and lustier than ever.

For Vong, it was more than his English vocabulary could handle. He slurred out a line of Vietnamese as his own lean prick pissed out spunk.

With each jet of jism, the teen felt his asslips wrapping his father's cockroot with delicious spasms.

"Now, Father, fuck me hard. Hurt me, please. I want to feel my father's pain in my body," begged the teen. "I want to please my father. I want to enjoy the pain you give me."

Hank pulled the pliable teen up onto his lap as they sprawled there on the bed. The man and teen were eye-to-eye and nose-to-nose as Vong's long, lean legs were drown wide around Hank's waist, his ass down snug over the man's hairy crotch and his asshole taking his massive cock as deep as he could squirm down. Their arms went around each other in a firm embrace as man and teen kissed and writhed around in sexual bliss, stirring the thick cock around in the teen's sensitive asshole.

As they kissed, Hank moved his right hand down between their sweaty bellies. He grabbed Vong's ball sac, his fingers closing down around the base as he fisted the rubbery balls. Hank worked his left hand between their chests and began to twist and pinch the young teen's tender tits.

Vong groaned with pleasure as their lips and tongues mashed around each other. He felt pain well up in his balls and sting through his nipples.

He rippled his ass walls around the invading cock spear as he felt his own prick leaking precum over his belly. His own hands ran up and down his father's broad back, caressing gently as the man crushed his young balls and ground his tits to jelly.

Hank began to hump up his hips, fucking his cock through the teen's warm, moist ass. He felt like he had a greased fist inside his son, working over his engorged cock and sending the man to heaven. With every jolt of pain he gave his son's ball bag, the teen responded with an ass hug to his cock. He ground into the teen's balls harder, viciously yanking them around in his fist.

Vong's tongue vibrated in Hank's mouth as they kissed. And the teen was squirming around over Hank's lap with a frenzy of emotions rocking his golden body. Then the teen went stiff. He arched his ribcage out to the pain blazing through his nipples and rocked his hips down to the hilt over his father's driving cock. With his fingers caressing the nape of the man's neck, he endured the savage pain and orgasmed on the man's lap.

Hank felt Vong's assring close around the root of his prick like a cockring. He felt the teens hot lips run over his neck as the teen buried his face in his shoulder. Shudders rocked the teen. Then Hank felt the sharp, hot licks of Vong's jism spurt up between them.

That was all it took for the man to swell and peak out, too.

"Cummfffff, cummm, cummm, cum! In your warm belly, teen! I'm giving you some of daddy's sperm juice, teen!" Hank pulverized the teen's balls and tits as he sent a gushing flow of cum into the teen. His son's pain made the orgasm all the better. Both father and son entwined there on the bed, shaking with spurt after spurt of pungent cum!

Hank withdrew and flopped Vong down on his belly over the bed. He got up and found a paddle among the tools in the room. It was a wooden disc with holes drilled through it and had a nice firm handle. Hank knew that the holes made it sting better than a solid hunk of wood. He eyed the teen's wonderful mounded ass.

Vong lay waiting for his punishment. He was passive, his head nestled in his arms. He looked up at Hank admiring his ass. "Beat me, Father, please. I have always wanted a spanking from my daddy!" He gave his buns a wiggle and clench, showing the man how eager he was for the paddle.

Hank raised the paddle over Vong's tail and whacked down hard! A loud slap pierced the air. But the teen only wriggled and grinned under the smarting pain. Hank spanked the teen's ass again and saw it redden up nicely.

Then, over and over, the man spanked the teen as both rose on the wings of passion from the torture. After several minutes, the teen's sweaty skin began to show blood. Then, as the spanking continued, a sweaty film of blood began trickles that ran down his asscrack and over his mashed balls.

The ass-whacking took on a life of its own, the pain keeping Vong in a continual state of bliss as the pain just got deeper and better. He wanted his daddy to spank the spunk right out of him! He spread his legs and wormed around over the bed as the pain-bath penetrated to his bones.

Hank saw the teen was going to orgasm if the beating went on much longer.

His own meaty cock was up hard and lubing as he whipped the paddle over his son's assflesh. It was a timeless ritual of man and teen, locked in the passion of the pain.

Hank slapped the uplifted ass with greater sadistic desire. He spanked his son's ass till sweat ran down.

Blood was trickling off the teen's curved buns and warming his balls. He felt the joy of the sting deeply and knew he couldn't control his orgasm much longer.

"Cum! Cum! Cum!" Hank said with each slap of the paddle.

Vong moaned in ecstasy as his ass whipped to shreds.

The sex-torture couldn't go on much longer. Strong as he was, Hank's arm was aching with the blows.

Vong suddenly buried his tear-streaked face in his hands, gasping and choking. Spit gushed out in strings from his puffy lips as strong shots of his young jism jetted from his golden cock.

Hank whipped even harder as he saw his son orgasm from the spanking. He watched the teen quiver and soak the bed with his fuck-cream.

The teen's orgasmic twitching finally sputtered out and he lay passive under the blows as Hank gave him a final series of whacks with the paddle. There was a warm puddle of cum under the teen's panting stomach.

Hank found another tool. It was a dildo, a huge rubber affair. It bristled with rigid spikes at the head of it. He reached down and spread Vong's bloody asscheeks wide with the fingers of one hand and worked the massive dildo up his son's ass.

Vong groaned with lust as he felt his ass channel again satisfied. He loved the way the thing felt, too, sending a stabbing tickle up his mucus-slick ass as his daddy plowed it in deep up his cummy guts.

Hank ground the fake cock through his son's asshole till he had the thing buried to the hilt. Then he grabbed the end and twisted around up the teen's ass. He worked the teen's ass over savagely, working the thick spindle around up his son as the teen writhed and moaned with the painful fuck.

Before the teen could orgasm with the dildo clicking, Hank drew the rubber cock out. He put his hand to the teen's abused asshole and worked in a couple fingers through the rubbery lips of the teen's shitter. They slid in easy, and he plowed in a couple more.

Vong lifted his ass to meet his father's fingers. Hank worked his thumb into the teen and began to penetrate the teen with his whole fist. Inch after inch of his arm disappeared between the teen's gripping asslips.

Finally he was into the teen to his elbow. He twisted and jabbed up the teen's throat with his arm!

Vong shuddered deeply and spurted out his cum as he felt the whole arm fill his torso.

Squirts of bleachy ball juice spit out over the sheets as he felt his father's fist tear at his guts and batter-ram up his neck.

Hank knocked another spurt of cum out of the teen with each fuck-punch up through the teen's widely stretched asshole. He really enjoyed seeing his own son thrash around with orgasm, feeling the teen warm and wiggling around his arm as he came.

The man withdrew his arm from the teen and flipped him over onto his back. He lifted Vong's kicking feet up and pushed them back over the teen's golden-haired head. He sent his rock-hard cock back into the teen's asshole till his cockhair was grinding into the teen's sweaty asscrack.

Vong loved it! His father's cock was the finest thing he'd ever felt plugging his guts!

Hank fell back onto the bed and pulled his son to a sitting position over his hairy groin. The teen was woozy with sex, and slumped there, held up by his daddy's cock up through his gut. His balls were tight and pulled up to the base of his prick.

With his hands around the base of his cock, Hank worked his fingers between his hard fuck flesh and worked them up around his tough column right into the teen's stuffed ass. The teen spread his legs wider, allowing his pelvis to absorb the man's cock and both hands packing up his ass. He felt in a constant state of orgasm as his father filled his belly with hot hard flesh. Hank felt the teen's ass walls squish around over the backs of his hands. He wrapped his own cock in his fingers with his knuckles rubbing into the teen's writhing guts. The teen's ass was wonderfully moist, filled with cum and boiling mucus.

Vong didn't touch his cock. He let his hands fall loose as he was rocked around over Hank's cock and hands like a puppet, his golden hair falling over his forehead. His amber-hard prick pointed right to his face. He raised his eyes and looked lovingly into the eyes of his father. As he felt his father's cock and fingers ravage his guts, his eyes flashed gold. Every sinew in his body tightened and his cock pulsed up powerful jets of jism right into his dazed face.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"That was so good, Father," whispered Vong, satisfied to the core. "You are a brute, an animal, just as I dreamed you would be."

Hank smiled. "You're a hot teen, too. I brought a teen with me, too, and he's a firecracker."

"Yes, I saw him with you from the stage. He likes to take your cock, too?"

"You bet. And I haven't seen the teen since he went off with P'tit Garcon hours ago."

Vong grinned. "I am sure the teen is getting pleasured. Do you wish to find him?"

Father and son left the room and went to the last one down the hall. They opened the door and found that Richie, indeed, was a happy and well-fucked teen. Candles, large and small, flickered in the room. They threw two images on the walls, the images of two twisting bodies.

There, on mats lining the floor, was the mop haired teen, back on his shoulders with the lean black fucking his cock down through his eager shitter. The teen had his legs thrown back under his shoulders, the backs of his knees locked under the armpits in a beautifully contorted position. He was rocking his head around and licking up his own legs in ecstasy as P'tit Garcon bridged out over his balled-up body, fucking the shit out of him.

The black man was up over the teen's ass on his fingertips and toes, moving his hips up and down as he fucked his gleaming cock through the teen's asshole. On each plunge, gism bubbled up around the thick cockshaft in Richie's shitter, showing that the man had already sent a pool of cum into the teen over hours of fucking. The room reeked of cum, piss and shit.

The brown-haired teen turned his head toward Hank. "Hi, Hank! Hell, does this dude know how to fuck!"

Hank noticed that the teen's lips were smeared with shit. His thick hair was plastered to his skull with piss and sweat and he was a mess from his own spurts of young spunk.

"Looks like you've had a good time with Richie, man," said Hank.

P'tit Garcon's white teeth showed between his dark lips as he continued fucking his cock through the teen's asspucker. "The teen is insatiable!"

he said. "I have been fucking him since I left you."

Hank stopped to figure it out. It had been ten hours since he'd left Richie with the man. Ten hours of fucking Richie! Ten hours of sliding his thick black cock through the teen's ripe ass!

No wonder the teen looked happy. And no wonder the narrow slot of his ass was smarting red and hot.

"Yeah!" said Richie, lifting his ass to meet each fuck-thrust up his guts.

"And whenever I get thirsty, P'tit Garcon lets me drink his piss.

When I get hungry, be feeds me shit and cum!" Just saying that got the teen so excited that his toes clenched up.

P'tit Garcon was whipping his hips in a frenzy now, stirring his cock around in Richie's ass like a mix master. Sweat glossed his blue-black skin.

"Argggghhh! Hold my cum!" the man growled, dropping his head. "Must cum!"

Must blast my balls out!"

With that, the Jamaican's groin made juicy slapping sounds as it bounced against the teen's raw ass. Then he let his spunk loose. A white, slimy river of cum gushed from his cock deep into Richie's contracting bowels.

It bubbled up around his thick shaft as he fucked the teen over-full.

And the teen responded with another quivering orgasm of his own, his milky jism dripping down over his neck and down his collarbone where his cock nudged into the base of his throat.

After a short rest, Richie and Vong were eager to know each other better -- much better.

"Hank's a great guy, Vong," said the brown-haired beauty. "You're sure lucky to have him for your daddy."

"I am happy I finally met him. He is such a man!" Vong smiled. "I have always dreamed of such a man, a man who can fuck me like a bull!"

Richie looked to the teen's golden eyes. "We're like brothers, Vong." He thought for a moment, then brightened up. "We can become blood brothers!"

Hank and P'tit Garcon looked at each other. "This might be interesting," said Hank.

"Perhaps they will become cum brothers, as well," said the sinuous Jamaican.

Both men were spunked-out for the moment. They were happy to sit and watch the energetic teens perform for them.

Richie fetched a sharp knife and both naked teens got down on their knees on the mat. Richie's cock was stiff and tapping his stomach as he began the ritual. Vong watched him put the point of the stiletto to his tit-disc.

Richie squinted his eyes as he felt the edge of the blade prick his tit.

Then he sent the point into his nipple, giving it a twist. The young teen moaned and blood flowed from the wound. He quickly stabbed his other pointed tit, then handed the knife to Vong.

The golden teen aimed the knife to his own breast. He gouged into his own nipples quickly, feeling the sting of pain with joy.

They looked briefly at their bleeding nipples, then arched toward each other, their knees touching. They jutted out their bleeding chests and brushed their nipples together, which were erected to fine points. The teens smeared their tits around in each other's warm blood as their eyes glazed over with bliss.

"Hell, looks like they're both about ready to blast their spunk!" said Hank.

Indeed, both teens had hard-ons that were oozing out lube between their thin legs.

"Let's become spit brothers, too!" exclaimed Richie. He whipped around and went flat on his back, his head nestled up between Vong's spread legs. The top of his head mashed into the golden teen's balls.

The Oriental rested his hands on his thighs beside Richie's damp skull.

He dropped his face aver the other teen and opened his lips. Long, silvery strands of his spit flowed from his lips and down his tongue. It wavered through the air, then dropped into Richie's open mouth.

Richie was wild for it! He had his tongue weaving around for the spit-string, caught it, and sucked it down. His cock hard, looking ready to burst from its sheath of skin.

The teens traded places as Richie dropped his spit into Vong's thirsty throat. Both teens shared their sweet taste with each other, and swallowed it down. And both were clearly fighting orgasm as they shared more of their body juices.

Vong knew what he wanted next. He could see it gleaming on Richie's smooth upper lip. Still down on his back between the teen's legs, he reached up to Richie's neck and pulled his face down, down, till the teen's chin rubbed down his own stiff prick. He sent out his tongue and licked up Richie's snotty nostrils, flared wide with lust.

"Looks like they are snot brothers, as well!" observed P'tit Garcon.

Richie found a new thrill, a whole new zone of pleasure as Vong snaked his long tongue up his nose. He sent his own tongue up through Vong's nostrils, licking up the sweet mucus from his wide nostrils.

"Sweat brothers!" shouted Richie.

And the teens went after the places sweat was richest on their young bodies. They first nuzzled up each other's smooth armpits, licking till they giggled. Then they lay opposite each other and held each other's feet like they were juicy chicken legs. For long, delicious minutes, the teens licked over, around, and between each smelly toe of each other's sweaty feet.

The men smacked their lips watching the naked teens eat each other's feet. The teens ran their tongues over the soft soles.

Then they licked long and passionately into the dewy valleys between each sticky toe, catching the sweat, the dirt, even the congealed cum that had dripped down their smooth legs. The effort to hold their young spunk was an effort that almost ached in them now. But they were saving their ball cream for last.

"Let's have your golden piss, Vong!" said Richie as they licked their toes clean. Richie was always turned on by a golden shower, whether it was up his ass or down his throat.

Richie got on his knees and Vong stood before him for this part of the ritual.

He strained and burned a line of piss through his prick. It spit out in a string stream and hit Richie right on his tongue. Then there was a pause, and yellow pee dripped down Richie's chin and over his chest. Then the pee came strong and steady, filling the teen's thirsty mouth!

Richie gargled playfully on the mouthful of piss before he gulped it down. He kept on swallowing, because Vong had built up a healthy bladder of piss during the night.

Richie was hazy-brained with the warm, salty piss. He fought orgasm with an effort as he felt the yellow pee run down his throat. He was drunk on the stuff as soon as he felt it balloon out in his belly. He loved piss and Vong's was golden-tangy and delicious!

Finally, Vong shook the last drips of the tip of his golden boner. He released his cock, which snapped up with a slap to his pubes. He dropped to his knees as Richie stood before him.

Richie, too, had to touch his prick, bending his cock painfully down, then suck in his gut as he struggled to piss from his dagger-stiff prick.

Just like the teen, he'd held in his piss till it was painful. Soon the men could see and hear the splash of yellow piss fill Vong's cheeks till it dribbled down his chin. Then the amber teen guzzled it down and filled his stomach with the other teen's tasty pee.

Neither spoke. They knew what was next and were terribly excited. Richie fell to his back and Vong sat on his stomach, his legs out on either side. Vong rose just a little off his knees and squinted as his stomach sank in. The men saw a rich, warm turd ooze between his buns and drop, steaming, to Richie's skinny belly.

Vong scooted back over the mushy turd and straddled Richie's thighs. He put his hand to his pile of shit and began to spread it around over the other teen's body. With long, sure strokes, the Asian teen spread his shit over Richie's ribcage, along his sides up into his armpits. Then he smeared it over Richie's bony shoulders.

Moving up till he sat in his own shit on Richie's stomach, the golden teen cupped Richie's face in his hands, spreading a film of rich shit over the teen's eager face. He rubbed it over his forehead, down his nose and up each nostril. Then he worked his fingers through Richie's rubbery lips, spreading flat over his tongue, inside his slick cheeks and down his throat.

Richie felt like he was in heaven. The teen's shit was so filthy and tasty! He licked at the shitty fingers stuffed in his mouth, trying to get the last gritty

smear of brown on his tongue. If he let himself, he would go into multiple orgasms over the funky flavor of Vong's mushy shit!

Smeared brown, Richie was soon over Vong, and laying a turd for him. He spread his sit over the teen just as he had done, and then smeared his face with it before he allowed the other teen to get a taste of it. Vong proved as hungry for shit as he was, though, and slurped it up from Richie's filthy, groping fingers.

"You haven't tasted your tears yet, teens," said Hank.

"Yes," said P'tit Garcon. "And for tears, you must produce pain."

Richie quickly hit on an idea. Smeared with shitty sweat, with hot cream swelling his baby balls, he reached for a couple small candles. They were the size of birthday candles, waxy red and half-burned. He gave one to Vong and put the base of his at the slimy tip of his prick. Sucking in his breath, he worked the waxy shaft through his piss lips and down into the core of his cock. He left an inch sticking out the end of his prick, the flame burning bright over his brown-smeared pubes.

Vong sank his candle up his cock, too. He liked having his cum tube massaged from the inside, and he felt his jism almost burning in his balls as the flame leaped up to his stomach when he released his cock.

The teens sunk to the floor again, facing each other with their knees touching. They waited for the pain of the flames to bring tears to their eyes. They were willing to burn their cocks off!

The men watched as the candles burned lower and lower, the light bathing the teens slick groins in a warm glow. Hot liquid wax ran down from the flames and hit their cockheads. They flinched as the wax burned their sensitive prick crowns, then solidified down over their flaring pricks.

The fire soon was rising high as each candle burned to the tips of the teen's pricks. The flames rose in a puddle of hot wax. Vong and Richie looked into each other's burning eyes, seeing the reflections of the candles along with hot, teen-sex desire.

The candles were molten now, burning into cockflesh. Shitty sweat gleamed over the teens as they panted, soaking in the searing pain. Tears welled up in their large, dreamy eyes. Just as they spilled over down their cheeks, the teens leaned forward and licked up the salty tears.

The candles finally sputtered out in their piss slits. But that left the rest of the candle shafts buried in their cocks. They had shared blood, spit, snot, sweat, piss, shit and tears. All that was left was creamy jism!

Vong turned to Hank, his eyes swimming with lust. "Fuck me, Father. Fuck me hard so I can give my brother my cum."

"And you fuck me!" pleaded Richie to the Jamaican. "Please!"

Both men scooted up behind each naked kneeling teen. They got their hands on the teen's slim hips and worked their cocks in between their rosy buns. With a steady push, each man tunneled his cock into the teen's slick asshole and journeyed deeply into his guts.

The men were hot, too. Their hips were soon blurring with their fuck-punches. The teens were jarred and jostled around as their asses were slammed with rapid thrusts.

As each man approached orgasm, they reached around and stroked the teens stiff pissers. They worked out an inch or so of the wax shafts still crammed down the stiff pricks, then yanked them out.

Vong and Richie threw back their heads and let their jism fly.

The men fucked hard, leaning down to nibble at the teen's necks. And the teens threw their heads back even farther, allowing the men to chew into their vulnerable necks as they orgasmed.

Hank and P'tit Garcon came. A rush overwhelmed them, and they exploded in cum deep within the teen's hugging guts.

After long minutes of writhing and cumming and panting, men and teens fell loose in a naked heap over the mats. They were all exhausted.

Vong weaseled over to Hank and put his lips at the man's ear. "You will take me with you as your son?" he asked shyly.

"Yes," said Hank. "I will take you home with me where my son belongs."

Richie raised up on one elbow and looked with puppy dog eyes at the man he loved. "And me, Hank? Vong and me are like brothers now. Will you still love me?"

"You bet, Richie. You and Vong and me are going to have great times together."

P'tit Garcon smiled. "Take Vong with my blessing, Mr. Davis. And visit the Gulf Ball anytime, anytime. A lover like you always welcome to sample my succulent wares."

THE END